

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



## MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

THE COGNAC **GUARANTEED 35 YEARS IN CASK** LIQUEUR BRANDY

### ORIENT LINE TO AUSTRALIA

VIA GIBRALTAR  
PALMA, TOULON  
NAPLES, PORT SAID  
ADEN & COLOMBO  
20,000 TON  
SHIPS

Write for List of Tours & Cruises  
Managers: Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd.  
5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3  
West End Offices: 14 Cockspur St., S.W.1  
No. 1 Australia House, Strand  
or Local Agents



By Appointment.

## PARIPAN ENAMEL

"The more you wash it the better it looks."

BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE.

PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON.

### GENUINE IRISH TWEEDS AND HOMESPUNS

All pure wool fabrics unrivalled  
for hard wear and smart  
appearance; ideal for the  
outdoor wear of ladies and  
gentlemen.

Sold direct from the old-estab-  
lished distributing centre; by the  
yard, or in garments tailored to  
measure.

Patterns and Tailoring Details,  
Post Free, from Desk 18.

THE WHITE HOUSE  
PORTRUSH, NORTHERN IRELAND  
There is no Customs barrier between  
Northern Ireland and the rest of the U.K.

THE LEADING  
LIQUEUR OF  
THE EMPIRE

## Drambuie

PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR.

9/- per  $\frac{1}{2}$  Bottle  
17/6 per bottle

Of all first-class  
Wine Merchants

### You who love Children! PLEASE HELP THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

to maintain 1,100 poor Boys and Girls in the Society's  
various Homes and new "Arethusa" Training Ship.

It is now that help is needed to meet the  
heavy daily expenditure.

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2  
President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

### INDIGESTION?—NEVER!

THANKS TO

Sold only in sealed  
packets. Priced at 2/8,  
3/2, 3/10 and 4/4 per lb.  
Harden Bros. & Lindsay  
Ltd., 30 Mincing Lane,  
London, E.C.3



CYS-17-

The Most  
Interesting

## JIG-SAW PUZZLES

are the DELTA  
Fine Cut Series.

REPRODUCTIONS IN COLOUR-PHOTOGRAVURE FROM PICTURES BY WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS.

250-Piece Puzzle - - 8/6 Post Free.

48-PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 2d. POST FREE, CONTAINING PARTICULARS OF PUZZLES, INCLUDING—  
30-Piece 1/3 50-Piece 2/- 75-Piece 3/- 100-Piece 4/- 250-Piece 8/6 500-Piece 18/- 600-Piece 21/- 1000-Piece 33/-

To be obtained from all Booksellers, Stationers  
and Stores, or direct from the Publishers:

A. V. N. JONES & CO., LTD., 64, Fore Street, London, E.C.2.





Father William's happy way  
of getting

**YOUNGER**

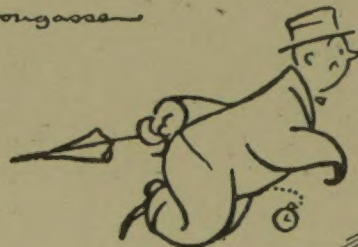
every day!

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S  
**Scotch Ale**

BREWED IN EDINBURGH

OGDEN'S

*Douglass*

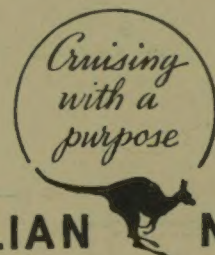


## TRAVEL FOR FUN

All the fun in the world goes with a trip to Australia—fun on the ship, fun at way ports, the fun of surf-bathing, trail-riding, strolling hand-in-hand through perfectly breath-taking bush and all that sort of thing.

And it's great fun to tell people all about it afterwards.

*But now is the time to go.*



AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL  
TRAVEL ASSOCIATION

GRAND BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C.2.



*Something a little better*

Virginia Leaf which is specially selected and blended in Player's own way, gives Number 3 their distinct character and charm. The smoker who desires "something a little better" will be wise in choosing Player's Number 3.

20 FOR 1/4 • 50 FOR 3/3 • 100 FOR 6/4

PLAYER'S

PLAIN OR  
CORK-  
TIPPED.

**NUMBER 3**

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

3.P.18A.



## SPRING CRUISES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN BY S.S. "ORONTES" 20,000 TONS

MARCH 10	APRIL 7	MAY 5
(Easter Cruise)	to Constantinople	(Whitsun Cruise)
to Rhodes, Egypt	Athens, Sicily	to Constantinople
Palestine, Syria	Balearic Islands	Athens, Malta
etc. 24 Days	etc. 24 Days	Sicily, Spain
from 43 guineas	from 43 guineas	etc. 20 Days
		from 36 guineas

13 OTHER CRUISES FROM MAY TO SEPTEMBER

SHIPS DESIGNED FOR SUNSHINE  
WILLING AND ATTENTIVE SERVICE

## ORIENT LINE CRUISES

Managers: Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3  
West End Offices: 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1 and No. 1 Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

*The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.*

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1934.



**A NEW EMPIRE IN AN AGE OF REPUBLICS: THE LAST EMPEROR OF CHINA, WHO IS TO BE ENTHRONED AS THE FIRST EMPEROR OF THE INDEPENDENT STATE OF MANCHUKUO.**

The inauguration of a new Empire is remarkable in a world where the general tendency is rather towards republican forms of rule. The ex-Emperor of China, last of the Ching Dynasty, who abdicated in 1912, is to be enthroned on March 1 as the first Emperor of Manchukuo (formerly Manchuria), established

as an independent State on March 1, 1932, with the ex-Emperor as its Chief Executive, or Regent. On abdicating the Chinese throne, he had retained his status as sovereign of the Manchu Bannermen. He was born in 1906. His enthronement will take place at Hsinking (Changchun), Manchukuo's new capital.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE are certain notions for which I have long argued, incompetently but industriously, in many places and for many years, seeking to make them prevail. Now nearly all of them are enjoying a triumph; and I do not like their triumph. This does not mean, the refined reader will be grieved to hear, that I have changed my mind about them, or that I feel even the faintest doubt that they are true. It only means that I fear that the world will see more of the triumph than of the truth. While they were hardly ever expressed, it was easier for them to be explained; when it is assumed that everybody understands them, it often only means that there are a great many more people to misunderstand them. It also means that I cannot but grieve to discover, what many grey-bearded patriarchs must have discovered before me, that there are many more people than I had imagined who can only understand one idea at a time.

Sometimes the whole point of the real complaint is lost. The reaction is the very reverse of the right action. For instance, I was once concerned in controversy, along with Mr. Belloc and my friends, and did what I could to help a campaign against the old Party System, which reduced all the possibilities of politics to the rotation of the Two Front Benches. We dared to dispute the sacred oracle which declared that every little boy and girl was either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative. It is not untrue to talk of it as a sacred oracle, for the Victorians, who are so much misunderstood when they are charged with mere solemnity, were really almost alone in human history the people who treated their comic poets and comic songs as a national religion. Their only fault was to be only too earnest in their enthusiasm and loyalty to "Alice in Wonderland." Anyhow, we pointed out that it was an outrage to call a thing free government when the voters are driven by their labels into one of two narrow lobbies by the activity (of all degrading images in the world) of Whips. We also pointed out other rather curious things that were done by Whips, such as the things concerned with Party Funds.

Well, since those days several things have happened which might be regarded as corrections of that abuse or escapes from that alternative. The Labour Party appeared; some time before the Liberal Party disappeared. So that, for a considerable period, there were no longer Two Parties, but Three Parties. Then the Coalitions, in the time of the war, first began to preach the doctrine that there are not Three Parties, but One Party. I know this sounds theological, but I can't help that. Then there was, again, a sort of Two-Party System, between Labour and the Tories. And then there was another great rally to the idea of a united National Government; a Government which still exists to charm and console the world. I cannot say I ever believed very much in that sort of thing myself. It seemed too like saying that people whom you dislike separately would look nicer together; or that a man who cried out impatiently "A plague on both your houses!" would be quite satisfied to see both the houses side by side, like semi-detached villas. But whatever be the truth about that, it was at the time certainly regarded as a victory of a National System over the old Party System. And now the very groups and factions that are in revolt against the National Government are claiming to be more National than the National Government. Those of the Fascist or Hitlerite fashion of thought carry much further the theory of absolute Unification. They are not content to uphold the whole State against certain factions. They would apparently forbid the

factions to uphold themselves against the State, or even apart from the State. But whether their view be right or no, or be here rightly described or no, it is certainly the whole trend of the reaction to override differences and concentrate political power. This is the common element in many such forms of social cure.

And yet it is not really a cure for the disease. It is not an attack on the original state of things at all. The real objection to the old Party System was not that it was a Two-Party System, but that it

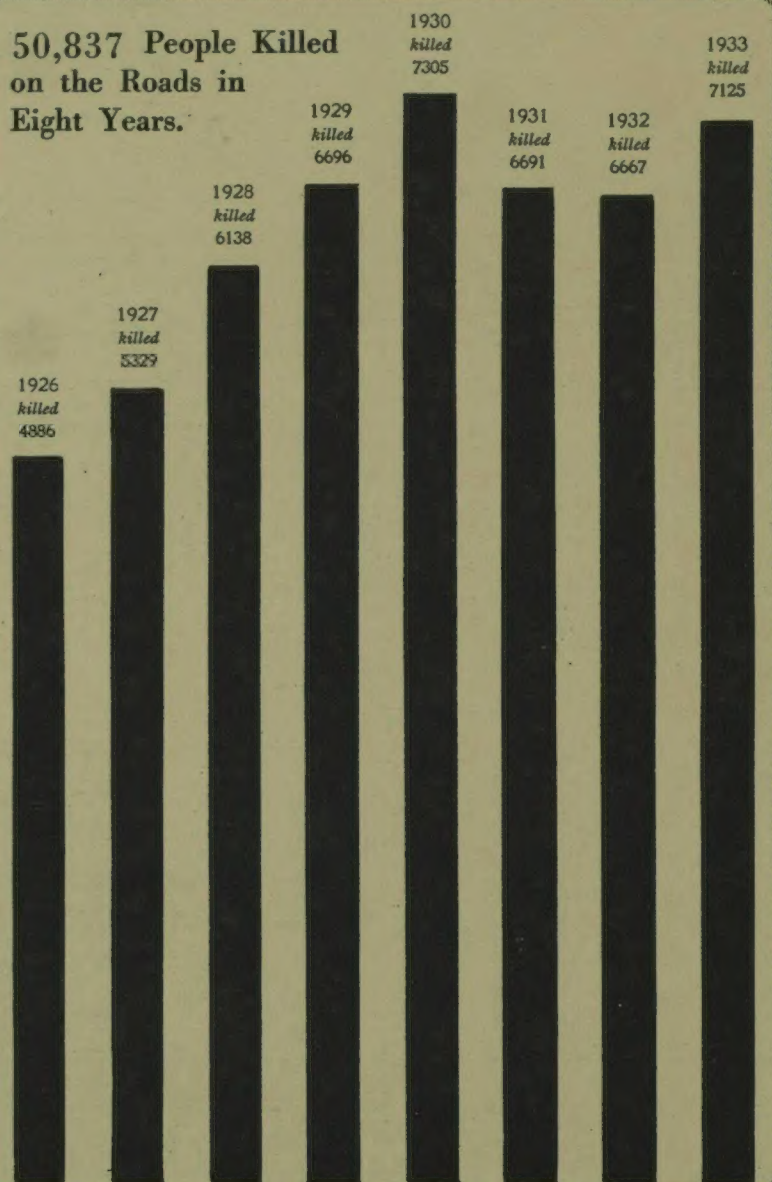
great deal too much centralised. It occupied a central position between the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition, not infrequently in the form of an unknown financier who was advising them both. But, anyhow, it is not a real contradiction of the old Two-Party System to set up the Totalitarian State. In that sense, the Two-Party System was the Totalitarian State. That is, it monopolised the power of the State; and the power of the State was very much stronger even then than many innocent Liberals and theoretical democrats imagined. In other words, our old protest against professional politics has in one sense succeeded to a towering point of triumph. Many forms of corruption which were concealed are now confessed. The old tradition or travesty of representative government is unpopular. But it is by no means certain that it is unpopular for the right reason, or at least for all of the right reasons.

I have noticed the same ironical success in other departments. When I was young, it was very generally assumed that any man was a fool who was in possession of a faith. It was the fashion to assume that reason is the same as rationalism, and that rationalism is the same as scepticism; though it has since become obvious that the first real act of scepticism is to be doubtful about reason. Bullet-headed atheists went about in clubs and public-houses, hitting the table and saying "Prove it!" if anybody suggested that anybody had a soul. Now, there has certainly been a very strong and healthy reaction against this very dull and dowdy negation. So, for that matter, I quite admit that Fascism has been in some ways a healthy reaction against the irresponsible treason of corrupt politics. A great body of living and logical apologetics has restored theology to its place in the scheme of thought. But I cannot deny that there has also been a reaction against rationalism; which seems to me to be simply a reaction towards irrationalism.

There was undoubtedly a growth of Fundamentalism in America, but it was not a growth of any kind of theology or thought about religion. It was simply the artificial protection of a prejudice. That American type of revival has undoubtedly spread to England, sometimes in a very emotional form; but I am not very much consoled when an English clergyman describes how the Holy Ghost pressed upon him the advisability of buying a new dressing-gown. I never wanted a revival of religion that abolished reason, any more than I ever wanted a reform of government that abolished liberty. I opposed what was called rationalism because I did not admit that it was rational; just as I criticised what was called democracy because I did not believe that it was democratic. There seems to me some danger that the reaction may endanger the just ends as well as the unjust methods of reform, and lose the very ideals

which the world had only touched to desecrate and parody. Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue, but it is a rather dangerous form of homage if it makes people hate the virtue because it has been aped by the vice. If the reaction is too simple, and sweeps away all that was really good in the nineteenth-century liberty or rationality, then it is easy to see what will happen. There will be a reaction against the reaction, and that in its turn will be as narrow as the reaction. The world will become at once monomaniac and mutable, always going mad on one notion at a time, and each returning after the temporary ruin of the other. In short, it will present a vast and ghastly parody of the theory of the old Two-Party System.

### 50,837 People Killed on the Roads in Eight Years.



EIGHT YEARS' TOLL OF THE ROADS OF GREAT BRITAIN—A MATTER OF GREAT CONCERN: 50,837 PEOPLE KILLED IN ACCIDENTS.

A statement just issued by the Home Office shows that 7125 people lost their lives in Great Britain during the year 1933, as the result of road accidents attributed to vehicles and horses; as against 6667 killed under similar conditions in the year 1932. The official figures for persons injured in road accidents are 216,401 in 1933 and 206,450 in 1932. Our diagram shows the increase in fatalities during the years 1926 to 1930, and the slight decline during the years 1931 and 1932. Unfortunately, 1933 shows an increase of 458 more killed than in the preceding year.

pretended to be a Two-Party System when it was really a One-Party System. The objection was not that there was too much conflict between the two Front Benches, but that there was too much collusion between the two Front Benches. It was not that the Government governed too zealously or the Opposition opposed too fiercely. It was that the Government only governed by arrangement with the Opposition, and that the Opposition did not oppose at all. The unpopularity of Parliament did not arise from its being the scene of furious brawls and fanatical faction fights, like a mediæval Italian city. It arose from its being the scene of tedious and trivial debates, like a tired debating-club. As for the political power of government, that was already centralised, and a



# NEARLY RUINED BY EARTHQUAKE: THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF NEPAL.



KATMANDU, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF NEPAL, REPORTED ALMOST IN RUINS AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE OF JANUARY 15: A STREET SCENE; SHOWING TYPICAL BUILDINGS IN THE BACKGROUND.



A NARROW STREET IN KATMANDU; SHOWING ONE OF THE VERY FEW MOTOR CARS IN THE CITY—ALL OF THEM CARRIED THERE BY MEN, SINCE THERE IS NO MOTOR ROAD FROM INDIA.



A TEMPLE IN KATMANDU: ONE OF THOSE FEARED RUINED BY THE EARTHQUAKE WHICH DEVASTATED THE CITY.



BHATGAON, A NEIGHBOURING CITY ALSO REPORTED TO BE IN RUINS: THE FAMOUS GOLDEN GATE OF THE DURBAR HALL.



A TEMPLE OF STRANGE APPEARANCE IN STRICKEN KATMANDU; WITH THE UNUSUAL DECORATION OF GREAT EYES ON THE MAIN WALLS.



THE BAZAAR IN KATMANDU: A CITY WHERE MANY PURDAH WOMEN, FORBIDDEN TO GO OUT OF DOORS, WERE KILLED IN THE EARTHQUAKE.



A TIBETAN BEGGAR IN KATMANDU, SQUATTING AT A STREET CORNER: ONE OF THE MANY TYPES OF ORIENTAL THAT MAKE UP THE CITY'S VARIEGATED POPULATION.



ANOTHER STREET SCENE IN KATMANDU—A CITY RECORDED AS HAVING BEEN BUILT IN THE SHAPE OF THE SWORD OF ITS GREAT FOUNDER, MANJUSRI.

The earthquake which, on January 15 and subsequent days, devastated parts of eastern India with great loss of life, was also severe in the kingdom of Nepal, which lies at the foot of the Himalayas. The epicentre of the earthquake was located as being on the Nepal-Bihar border. The three chief towns of Nepal, Katmandu, Bhatgaon, and Patan, which lie within a few miles of each other to the west of Darjeeling, were reported to be nearly ruined, with almost all buildings demolished or damaged; and it was feared that the number of killed and injured in Nepal alone amounted to several thousands. In the ancient

capital, Katmandu, according to a Government communiqué, those who suffered most severely were the purdah women, who are rigidly forbidden to leave their houses in any circumstances. The Singha Durbar palace, it was said, was fortunate to the extent that some parts of it remained standing. The British Legation was damaged, but no one there was injured. Nor was any member of the Ruling House or Royal Family of Nepal injured, though there were many casualties among the nobility. Communication with the country was difficult, since all the main lines of transmission were disconnected.





THE EX-KAISER'S STUDY: WITH HIS WRITING-DESK ON THE LEFT AND THE LIBRARY BEYOND: A ROOM CROWDED WITH WRITING MATERIALS, PAPERS—INCLUDING "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"—PORTRAITS, PICTURES, AND ORNAMENTS.

## THE PLEASURES OF EXILE: THE EX-KAISER AT DOORN HOUSE, WHERE HE CELEBRATES HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY TO-DAY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27.



A VIEW FROM THE DRAWING-ROOM OF PRINCESS HERMINE.



THE EX-KAISER'S WIFE: THE PARK, DOORN HOUSE.



ALMOST AS FULL AS THE STUDY: THE LIBRARY, WHICH, AS NOTED UNDER ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH, ADJOINS THE ROOM THE EX-KAISER DEVOTES TO HIS DESK-WORK, MUCH OF WHICH IS ENTAILED BY THE MANY LETTERS RECEIVED DAILY.



AN ANCESTOR HONOURED IN THE HOUSE OF EXILE: A BRONZE STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT IN THE VESTIBULE OPENING ON TO THE PARK.

To-day, Saturday, January 27, the ex-Kaiser celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday in the comfortable confines of Doorn House, the home of his exile at Doorn, near Utrecht. That he is doing so amid numerous amenities is made evident by these new photographs, as it was by those we published in our issue of December 24, 1932. Earlier in the month, it was reported from Berlin that, as the occasion marked a "jubilee," congratulatory messages were likely to be more numerous than usual;



HUSBAND AND WIFE: THE EX-KAISER AND PRINCESS HERMINE STYLED

but that the attitude of the German Government was one of polite reserve. Somewhat later came the suggestion that, despite the decision that the event should be observed quietly, as a family affair, there might be a certain amount of ceremonial. It was thought probable, for instance, that the German loyalist societies who had sought in vain for permission to visit Doorn House, in order to present their good wishes, would nevertheless—however much it might be against the ex-Kaiser's desires—march



THE EMPRESS, AT DOORN HOUSE) OUTSIDE THE "ORANGERY."

past Doorn House in military formation, as in previous years. Meantime, there was much booking of rooms in Doorn and the neighbourhood. Since he left the Western Front for Holland on November 10, 1918, the day before the Armistice, the ex-Kaiser has lived the life of a country gentleman: felling trees, gardening, watering his flowers, and devoting special attention to the rose garden of the late Empress and to the Herma-Garden created in honour of his second wife, the Princess Hermine (styled



PHOTOGRAPHED IN ANTICIPATION OF THE SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY: THE EX-KAISER AND HIS WIFE IN THE RECEPTION-ROOM.

Empress by her husband), widow of the Prince of Schönau-Carolath. As to Doorn House, it may be said that it is of no great size. The largest room is the dining-room, where the midday and evening meals are attended—apart from the family—by the ex-Kaiser's suite and his doctor. "Dress," a German writer noted in an article we had occasion to quote a while ago, "is informal, and the food comparatively simple. The idea of extreme luxury at Doorn is quite false."



# WOOKEY HOLE CAVE:

## NEW DISCOVERIES MADE POSSIBLE BY THE DROUGHT, AND THE CHANCE OF FURTHER FINDS.

By H. E. BALCH.

THE great cave of Wookey Hole, near Wells, Somerset, in the heart of the Mendip country, has for ages been the home of legend and mystery. Around it cling stories nearly as old as the Christian era, whilst its antiquarian treasures fill a whole room in the Wells Museum. It was here that Sir William Boyd Dawkins commenced his life of geological research, when he discovered a Pleistocene hyæna den; and others, including the writer, followed humbly in his footsteps. The geology of this cave is unique, for there is no other carved in the Triassic Conglomerate, which is itself the débris of the ancient Mendip Mountain, which soared many thousands of feet into the air, just to the north.

Its principal chambers are three in number, and these have been open to visitors for ages, and are to-day seen by over 65,000 people a year, thanks to the enterprise of the owner, who has developed the remote Somerset village into a veritable Mecca for lovers of beauty in Nature.

The great cave is traversed by the subterranean River Axe, which varies enormously in its flow: at one time a limpid stream and at another a roaring torrent, raging down the valley to the moor and thence to Severn Sea. The sources of this River Axe are in hundreds of swallow-holes, here called swallets, on the limestone plateau 800 feet above; and though most of these are impassable, except by the penetrating water of the rainfall and upland springs of the Old Red Sandstone, yet others are passed by keen explorers, who, in long and tiresome days of strenuous effort, have wrested from them their secrets. Such are the great feeder caves of Eastwater and Swildon's (or St. Swithin's) Hole, dreams of beauty or nightmares of adventure. The former is undoubtedly a feeder of the Axe, and a long day of exploration takes the explorer down some 600 feet in vertical depth, or nearly to the level of the subterranean river of Wookey Hole. Never yet has any man succeeded in getting within two miles of connecting the two great caves. From the top of Mendip we are stopped where the water forces its way through accumulated débris. From

the top of a broad, low arch reveals that there are hidden chambers beyond. Three hundred years ago some adventurous spirits, probably at a time of great drought, succeeded in passing this archway, and left in the chamber beyond a record of their visits, dated 1600 and 1610. They could not proceed farther. The recent enlargement of the cave passages, however, made it possible to bring in a boat, and a provisional survey disclosed water fourteen feet in depth and a strong rising flow which drifted the boat back to the outlet. No visible passage offered a way into the region beyond. It was now thought that the exceptional season offered possibilities of further progress, and the owner, Captain

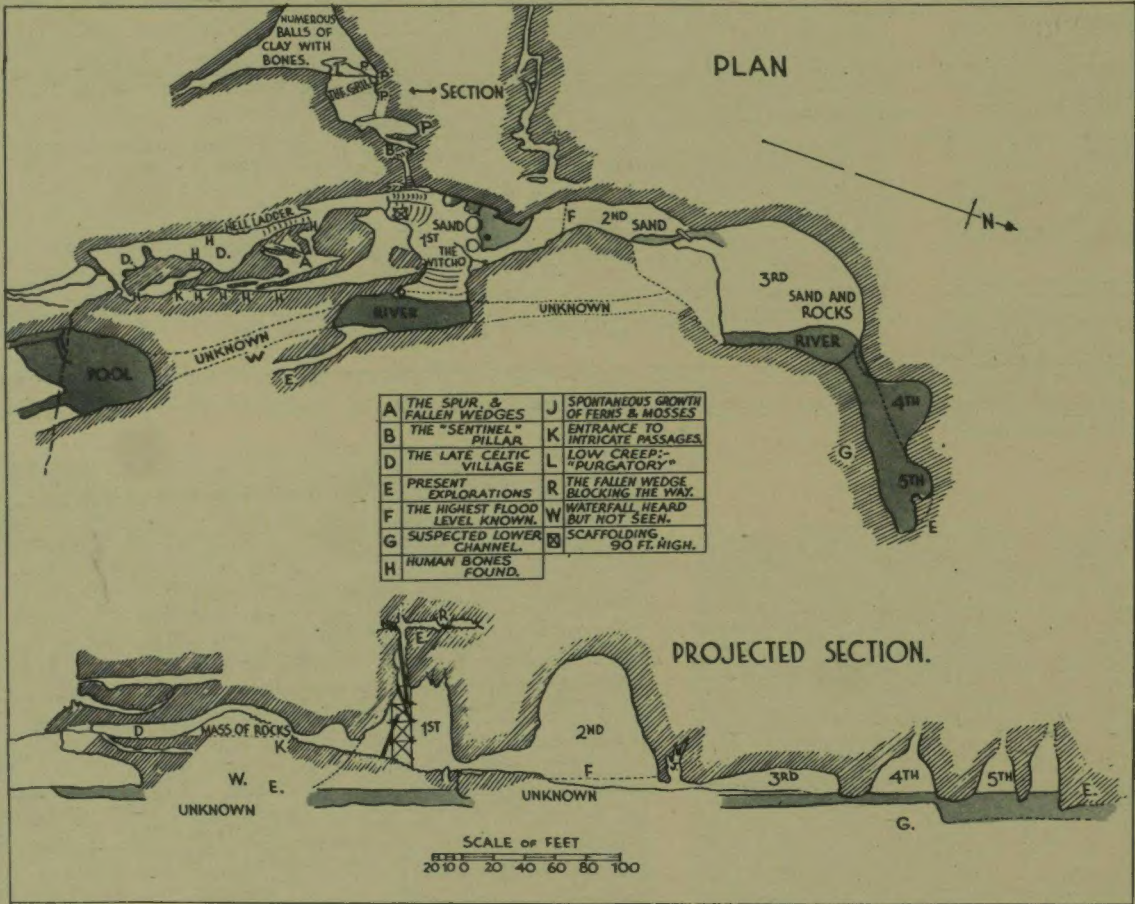
chambers referred to, the ordinary visitor at times sees a strong current setting towards him, apparently out of the solid rock. When the rainfall is low

Ear-marked for years past as a possible high and dry channel leading to the same much-desired objective, a lofty chimney-like cavity in the roof of the first great chamber has beckoned to the explorers in vain. With much labour, this past week, a scaffolding was erected to a height of 90 feet, and a succession of ladders gave access to what, it was hoped, was a continuation of the intricate system of upper passages which have been cut off, in ages gone by, by the undermining action of the river. Climbing up ladder above ladder, this chimney-like cavity was seen to be adorned with every variety of cavern crystallisation, one sparkling bank being a veritable gem. At the very top, the long-desired passage led away to the north, its floor formed of precarious-looking rocks cemented together; but, sad to say, only a short distance along it, a great wedge of rock has fallen and split the way in two in such a manner as to make it impassable. The question was, should we blast a way on? Were we on the lower levels there could be no question. Here the problem is a serious one. There is one consideration that is paramount in such a place as Wookey Hole.

That is the question of the safety of the public. If it were a matter of hanging by a thread to effect some desired purpose, the explorers would not hesitate. But here the safety of the public must come first, and no shot will be fired to imperil the safety of the great arch of rock above. The fact of the existence of this upper way is a great satisfaction, however, and we shall seek further among the labyrinth of passages, so often entirely blocked with stalagmite after untold years of deposition.

There remains a further effort to be made in another direction. At the head of the stretch of water in the first great chamber stands the strange effigy of the "Witch of Wookey," subject of legend and, I doubt not, of prehistoric worship or fear. She looks down the river to a landing place on a great sand-bank on the east side of the stream, where is a passage of considerable height, along which we have begun to burrow a way through water-borne débris over six feet in depth. The belief that there is a route into the unknown concealed here, is supported by several facts. Under certain conditions

of water level, the attentive ear can hear the sound of a small waterfall joining the river at some invisible point. Further, it is from this direction that there is rarely heard one of the strange noises that are audible from time to time in this cave—in this case a reverberating double hammering sound, which appears to move along behind the wall of the cave. What secrets



WOOKEY HOLE CAVE IN PLAN AND SECTION; AFTER THE SURVEY MADE BY H. E. BALCH AND R. D. R. TROUP IN 1912, BUT SHOWING RECENT DEVELOPMENTS, AND THE SCENES OF PRESENT EXPLORATION.

As mentioned in our last issue, Mr. H. E. Balch, the author of the article on this page, and a well-known authority on the Mendip caves, was one of a party of explorers who, on January 13, made some new discoveries of great interest in Wookey Hole Cave. The party penetrated further than civilised man had reached before, and, passing a rock opening unsealed by the drought, investigated the possibility of a further advance.

Hodgkinson, thought that, even if disappointed in this, a strong light beneath the water would tell us more of the structure of the submerged tunnels and of future possibilities. So it proved; for when Captain Hodgkinson and the writer, holding the boat against the current, sank the powerful light far below the surface, there was illuminated the side and crown of an archway of considerable dimensions, the latter being so little beneath the water that the lowering of the river level by a very few feet would almost certainly permit the boat to pass. It should be said that, to enter this chamber it is necessary even at low water to lie down in the boat to pass the lowest part of the overhanging archways and to float out into the lofty chamber beyond, and that a clearance of one foot would enable the explorers to

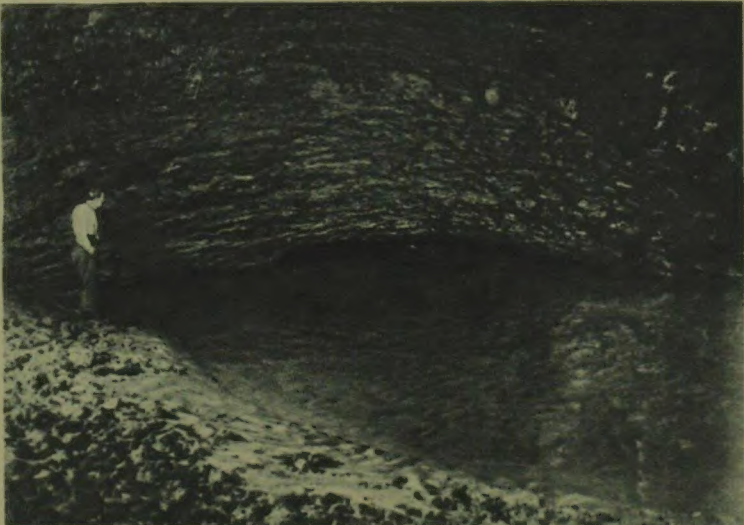
pass anywhere. The discovery of these facts is important, and holds out hope for the future lowering of the stream bed and draining of the submerged tunnel in some future time of drought.

lie concealed here, patience and the spade only can reveal. Disappointments are frequent, and difficulties great, but the lure of the unknown is as potent in Mendip as in the tombs of Egypt or the heights of Everest.



AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE THIRD CHAMBER, WHICH HAS LONG BEEN OPEN TO THE PUBLIC: AN EERIE ASPECT OF WOOKEY HOLE CAVE, WHERE NEW DISCOVERIES HAVE BEEN MADE.

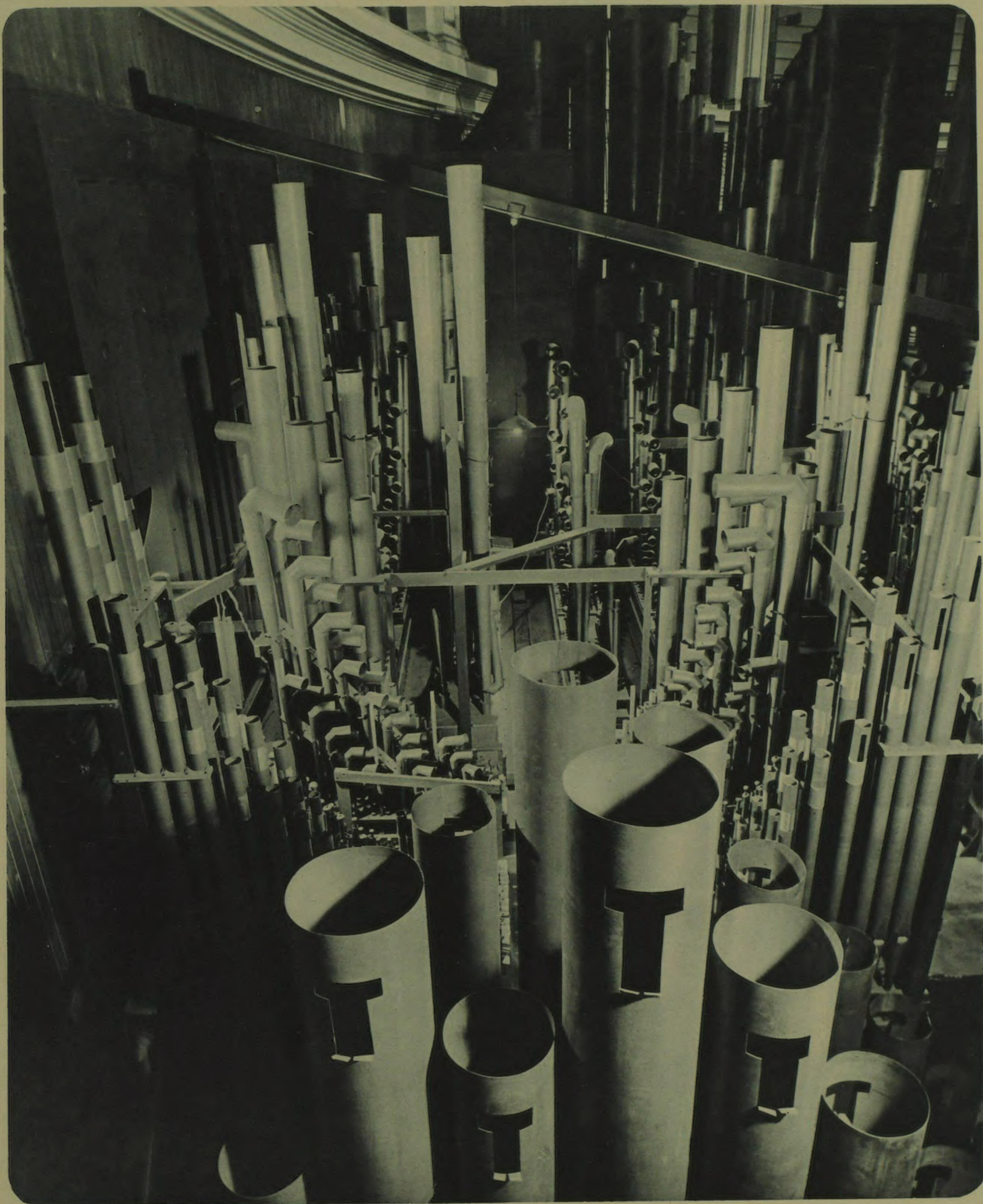
the bottom the limit is reached where the river emerges from its hidden recesses, through wide and low archways, thence flowing through vast chambers en route to the open air. At the end of the three



THE SUBTERRANEAN AXE: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ARCH NORMALLY, AS HERE, SUBMERGED, BUT NOW UNSEALED THROUGH THE UNUSUALLY LOW LEVEL OF THE RIVER.



# "BIG GUNS" OF MUSIC: THE FINEST CONCERT ORGAN IN THE WORLD.



AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF THE NEW £26,000 ORGAN AT THE ALBERT HALL, JUST COMPLETED AND INAUGURATED:  
A HUGE "BATTERY" OF PIPES—TOTALLING OVER 10,000, WITH 80 MILES OF ELECTRIC CABLE.

The gigantic new organ at the Royal Albert Hall, claimed to be the finest concert organ in the world, has just been completed, after nearly six years' work, at a total cost of £26,000, and its inauguration, by a special recital, was arranged for January 23. The soloists for the occasion were Sir Walter Alcock, Organist of Salisbury Cathedral, Mr. G. T. Thalben-Ball, Organist of the Temple Church, and Mr. G. D. Cunningham, Organist of the Town Hall, Birmingham. The programme also included the singing of Parry's Ode, "Blest Pair of Sirens," by the Royal Choral Society (800 voices), with organ accompaniment by Mr. Arnold Greir, conducted by Mr. Geoffrey Toye. In size alone, the new organ has few rivals, but it is, beyond doubt, more complete in tonal design than any other in the world. Countless new improvements have been incorporated which combine to give it unparalleled range, power, and

flexibility. The instrument was made by those famous organ-builders, Messrs. Harrison and Harrison, of Durham. It weighs about 175 tons and occupies 65,000 cubic feet of space. There are 7 tonal departments (6 manual and 1 pedal); 4 keyboards; 176 draw-stops; 10,491 speaking pipes; and 80 miles of electric cable. The blowing plant, probably the most powerful in the country, comprises two electric motors, of 10 and 5 h.p. respectively, to drive the blowers which supply all wind up to 10-inch pressure, and two 8-h.p. motors driving the rotary compressors that supply wind up to 30-inch pressure. In the building of the organ 112 different craftsmen were employed during 284 weeks. Its periodic tuning costs £200 a year. The first series of popular organ recitals in the Albert Hall is to be given on the following Sundays—March 11, 18, and 25, and April 1 (Easter Sunday), at 3 p.m.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE STRANGE HISTORY OF THE TORTOISE-BEETLE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THAT those who read this page find at least a mild enjoyment in natural history—the rather vague term used in speaking of all that concerns animals and plants—goes without saying. But that enjoyment is all too commonly easily satisfied. It rests content with a momentary survey of what is merely curious or what appeals to the eye. The expert biologist, in like manner, fails to get a grip of the mysteries confronting him because he is, all too often, content with the mere externals which enable him to "classify" the particular types he has made his special study. They are little more than pieces in a jig-saw puzzle, to be made to fit a scheme or confirm some preconceived theory. He is rarely interested in them as *living* bodies. The dissecting-table is his starting-point: some even dispense with this, and endeavour to appraise the value of certain arbitrarily chosen characteristics by means of "co-efficients of variation" or mathematical formulæ. He seems never to realise the immense importance of the study of *habits*; though these, in countless instances, have determined the structures he selects for the fabrication of his systems of classification or his tables of descent.

But, besides "habits," we have to reckon with another and peculiarly elusive factor which we call "behaviour," which is an attribute of living animal bodies only. It is not to be implied by a study of structural characters. The birds in my garden afford me daily evidence of this. So long as daylight lasts, one or other of three species of tit-mice can be seen busily pecking at a lump of fat suspended on a string in front of

much: it may mean a great deal. For it shows, surely, that in the "shifts for a living" the tit-mice have more wit and resourcefulness. Yet the robin is a much more confiding bird. He follows the gardener assiduously, showing a fearlessness exhibited by no others in the garden. Who could infer this "behaviour" from a study of their dead bodies?

Let it not be supposed, however, that the study of "behaviour" is the "open sesame" to the mysteries of nature. It is not. We must distinguish, so far as we can, between what we may call "intelligent" behaviour and what seems like automatic behaviour. And this last furnishes a host of problems clamouring for solution. Those who live in touch with wild nature, and even those who must be content with a small town garden, can find endless opportunities, hitherto perhaps unsuspected, of studying both these forms of "behaviour," which are by no means sharply defined.

Among what we call the "lower orders of creation," we find some of the strangest and most puzzling forms of "behaviour." And this seems to be especially true of the insects. The wasps and bees and the ants hold the foremost place. But there are some strange

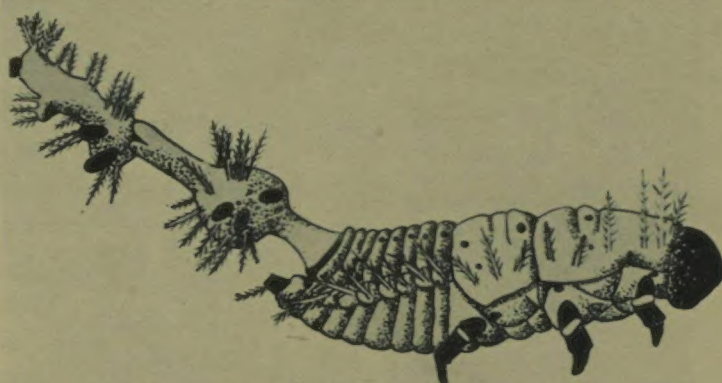
Shelford worked, are *Prioptera octopunctata* and *Aspidomorpha miliaris*. *Prioptera* is rather like a ladybird in shape and colour; the other is flatter in shape, but similarly marked.

It is the larval stages, however, which must command our attention, for they are indeed remarkable. White, with black spots (Fig. 2), make them conspicuous, and the more so since they live in small communities clustered together. Their enemies have learned that these black and white bodies are as nauseous to the taste as are the orange and black spotted adults. It is not, however, until isolated and closely examined that the very singular characters of such larvae are brought to light. It will then be found that the end of the body seems to be produced into a sort of tail, marked by swellings beset with barbed hairs, and numerous small black bodies. These hairs are a part of a series of moulted skins, and the black bodies are pellicles of excrement!

Like all other insects, growth can take place only at the end of each moult, when the old skin is cast off. But here, by some strange diversion of the normal sequence of moulting, the old skins are retained in this very singular way. Commonly, this queer appendage is carried turned forwards over the body like a shield, and so partially concealing it, and when



1. A REMARKABLE LARVA THAT CARRIES ITS CAST-OFF SKINS ABOUT: *METRIONA TRIVITTATA* (A SPECIES NEARLY RELATED TO THE TORTOISE-BEETLE), IN WHICH THE CHAIN OF CAST-OFF SKINS TAKES A RATHER DIFFERENT FORM.



2. THE EXTRAORDINARY LARVA OF THE TORTOISE-BEETLE: A CREATURE HAVING ITS BODY EXTENDED BY A LONG ROD (BEARING THE CAST-OFF SKINS OF SUCCESSIVE MOULTS AND SMALL BLACK PELLICLES OF EXCREMENT), WHICH IS USUALLY CARRIED TURNED FORWARDS OVER THE HEAD, TO CONCEAL THE BODY AND SHADE IT FROM THE SUN.

things to be told of the beetles. Herein we have what may be called a double life to follow up—the adult and the larval life. For in the wasps and bees and the ants the larvae are mere helpless grubs, passing the whole of their infancy in the nursery, shielded completely from the outer world. I have in mind just now the very remarkable larvae of one of the tortoise-beetles (*Aspidomorpha*) of Borneo. These beetles are related to the famous—or infamous—Colorado potato-beetle and our own "flea-beetles," which at times inflict serious damage on turnip and cabbage crops.

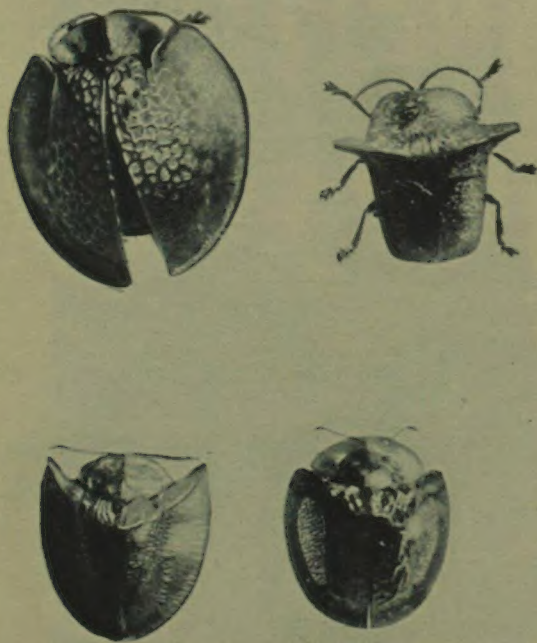
The tortoise-beetles of the family Cassidae are so named from the extension forwards of the shield lying immediately behind the head, and the great extension backwards of the elytra, or wing-cases, thus concealing the head and legs and producing the likeness to the tortoise (Fig. 4). Most of what we know of these strange insects we owe to the careful investigations of the late Dr. Shelford, who spent some years in Borneo devoted to a laborious study of the animal life of this wonderful country.

The adults of the four distinct genera of these strange beetles present no very remarkable features, except in their "tortoise-like" shape and their curious mode of laying their eggs. There are many species, all of them plant-feeders, and some of gorgeous coloration, though their splendour is never seen in museum specimens, for it rapidly fades after death. The two commonest species in Sarawak, where

alarmed it is flicked back and forth in the face of the enemy in what must be a most disconcerting manner.

In the larva of the nearly-related *Metriona trivittata* (Fig. 1) we find a similar movable shield, formed of cast skins. But here the particles of excrement

are attached only to the first larval skin to be cast, where they form a black transverse bar at the end of the shield which bears the first skin to be moulted. There is probably yet another function performed by these remarkable shields, and that is to serve as a sunshade to protect the body from the scorching sun. Here, surely, is a most astonishing piece of apparatus, and it becomes the more so when we begin to ask ourselves how it came about. There seem to be no incipient stages present in other species of the tribe out of which the present mechanism can have grown. These, however, may yet be found, for the larval stages of no more than three or four have been found and described. But until these incipient stages come to light—if they exist—we must add the larval history of these tortoise-beetles to the number of unsolved problems awaiting solution.



3. FOUR OF THE MANY KNOWN SPECIES OF TORTOISE-BEETLES, SHOWING THE VARIED FORMS THEY TAKE: *COLASPIDEA CONTACTA* (ABOVE, LEFT); *TAUROMA TRUNCATA* (ABOVE, RIGHT); *BATONOTA DISTINCTA* (BELOW, LEFT); AND *ASPIDOMORPHA SANCTAE-CRUCIS*.

All these beetles, in spite of their differences in shape, agree in that the head and termination of the body are concealed by the "shell."

my study window. A robin watching them at the feast will occasionally venture to imitate them. But he cannot cling head downwards as they do. He has to be content with an insecure foothold as he stands on the top of the suspended *bonne bouche*. This difference in behaviour may not mean very



4. A RELATIVE OF THE INFAMOUS COLORADO BEETLE LIVING IN BORNEO: THE TORTOISE-BEETLE (*ASPIDOMORPHA MILLIARIS*); SO CALLED FROM THE GREAT SIZE OF THE SHIELD COVERING THE HEAD AND THE WING-CASES; COLOURED SOMEWHAT LIKE A LADY-BIRD. (FOUR TIMES NATURAL SIZE.)

Figs. 1, 2, and 4 Reproduced from Drawings based on Illustrations in "A Naturalist in Borneo," by Dr. Shelford; by Courtesy of Messrs. Ernest Benn.



# THE FIRST MALE BONGO SEEN IN EUROPE: THE RAREST ANTELOPE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUT.-COLONEL ERIC PERCY-SMITH. (SEE ARTICLE AND LETTER ON THE NEXT PAGE, AND ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGE 123.)



THE BONGO'S MAGNIFICENT HEAD: A FRONTAL PORTRAIT, SHOWING HIS LONG SPIRAL HORNS AND LARGE EARS, ENDOWED WITH A SUPER-SENSITIVE FACULTY OF HEARING.

Here and on two following pages in this number we illustrate the first male specimen of the bongo—that rarest and most elusive of African antelopes—ever seen alive in Europe. Like its famous predecessor, the young female named "Doreen" (now in the New York "Zoo"), which was the first living bongo to leave its native land, this magnificent male was also caught, in the mountain forests of Kenya, by Lieut.-Colonel Eric Percy-Smith. The story of its capture, in one of about seventy slip-knot snares, carefully camouflaged in foliage, concealed about its forest haunts, is told in his article on the next page. Then came the difficulty of conveying to camp such a large and savage animal,

and of obviating the risk of its dying from heart failure in its struggles to escape. Any such trouble was prevented by administering to it a suitable dope provided by a veterinary surgeon, and the bongo was brought back unconscious and uninjured, to wake up in a comfortable loose-box within a stockaded compound. In the Colonel's absence one day he attacked and gored a woman visitor, as described in her letter, also given on page 122. Subsequently the bongo was shipped to Italy and placed in the "Zoo" at Rome. "Doreen's" capture was recorded in our issue of August 27, 1932, and her life after arrival in New York was illustrated in that of October 21, 1933.



## THE FIRST LIVING MALE BONGO KEPT IN A EUROPEAN "ZOO."

THE STORY OF HIS CAPTURE IN THE MOUNTAIN FORESTS OF KENYA, WITH AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS ATTACK ON HER, BEFORE HIS REMOVAL TO ROME.

By Lieut-Colonel ERIC PERCY-SMITH; and Mrs. W. MITTON.  
(See Illustrations opposite and on the preceding page).

Our readers will remember that the first bongo ever seen alive outside Africa—a female caught by Colonel Percy-Smith in Kenya, and named by him "Doreen"—was illustrated in our issue of Oct. 21, 1933, in colour and otherwise, after her arrival in the New York "Zoo." She was first brought to London and there trans-shipped to an American steamer for the Atlantic crossing. In the following article the Colonel describes his second capture—a male bongo—now in Rome.

### THE CAPTURE OF A BONGO.

WHEN I set out from England to capture alive a bongo, I did not quite appreciate the difficulty of the task which I had set myself. As already related in *The Illustrated London News* of Aug. 27, 1932, I succeeded, after four months' work in the forests of the Aberdare Mountains, in capturing a young female, which is now fit and flourishing in the New York Zoological

than fifteen minutes he became completely unconscious. A stretcher was hastily prepared from forest trees, and my capture was carried out of the forest by an army of natives to a box-body car and so transported to my camp. It was not until about one hour afterwards, when he was comfortably bedded down in a loose-box in the stockade which I had prepared for him, that he recovered consciousness. All rough handling having thus been avoided, the bongo seemed to have very little fear of human beings, and soon settled down in his new surroundings. To keep him company, a boy-friend in the form of a young African bullock was introduced, and the two at once became great friends.—ERIC PERCY-SMITH (Lieut.-Col.).

### THE BONGO'S ATTACK ON A WOMAN VISITOR.

The following letter, from Mrs. W. Mitton, which speaks for itself, describes her nearly fatal adventure in the bongo's enclosure in Kenya, shortly after his capture, and before he was shipped to Italy.

The Editor of  
*The Illustrated London News*.

KENYA.

DEAR SIR,—As we have taken in the above paper for several years, and having noticed on several occasions that you asked readers to supply you with any event of interest, I thought perhaps you might be interested in the experience which befell me last Monday, Oct. 30, 1933.

Having taken my small daughter to a children's party given by some friends living about thirty-five miles from our place, in the Laikipia district at the foot of the Aberdare Mountains,

I was asked on arriving whether I would care to see Colonel Percy-Smith's male bongo, caught just recently; its owner was away for a few days at the time. Needless to say, I was very keen to see it, having only seen the female (which you know all about, having reproduced photographs in *The Illustrated*). When we arrived at the bongo's enclosure, we crept through a small trap-door which was opened by pulling two ropes. When the ropes were loosened, the door-flap closed the opening. On the opposite side was a similar door. We went through both these, crossing the bongo's enclosure

and into another smaller one, to allow it to come out of its house without seeing us. The bongo is timid, but it eventually appeared, having been let out of its house by its native boy attendant.

What a magnificent creature to look upon, with long, finely-shaped horns, ivory-tipped! A nearly full-grown animal, I was told. He spotted us at once through the bars of the enclosure, and hid himself behind a large shady tree; but presently he moved out into the open, when I was able to get a splendid view of him, and also, I hoped, a good photograph, but to do so I had to go into the enclosure with him. My host, having opened the trap, crept in first, then myself and a friend, who had also come to see the rare and lovely creature. After a while I managed to get a snap of him, but not such a good one as I should have liked, so thought I would try another. I crossed a small stream to get nearer to him, but I must admit that I began to feel uncomfortable, as I could see his eyes never left me; he evidently didn't like the look of me. I must have seemed a strange thing to him, being in a dress; he had only been used to people in trousers



THE FIRST BONGO EVER KEPT IN CAPTIVITY IN EUROPE: A UNIQUE EXAMPLE OF THIS CURIOUSLY STRIPED AFRICAN ANTELOPE IN HIS NEW QUARTERS AT THE ROME "ZOO."

Park. Having gone to considerable trouble and expense in organising my expedition, I was not satisfied with one specimen only of this rare and beautiful creature, so I decided to try and catch just one more before returning to England. My experience had taught me that the best method to employ without in any way injuring the animal was a slip-knot suspended in a likely place and well camouflaged with foliage. But the bongo is very wary and cautious, and if allowed to approach a snare slowly his suspicions are apt to be aroused, and he is just as likely to walk round it as to put his head through it.

After certain experiments, I hit upon an idea which would startle any animal approaching the snare and cause it to dash forward, casting all caution to the winds, and put its head through the slip-knot. Fourteen months of unceasing effort, which entailed the daily inspection of some seventy snares, brought me my reward, for I succeeded in capturing, alive and without a scratch, the fine male bongo shown in the accompanying picture.

A full-grown bongo being a large and savage animal, I was at my wits' ends to devise a means of conveying him from the spot where he was caught to my camp. The danger when roping all high-spirited animals is that they are apt to struggle until they die of heart failure; so, in order to avoid such a catastrophe, I thought of dopping the animal on the spot. A veterinary



THE MALE BONGO (RAREST OF ANTELOPES) WHOSE CAPTURE, IN KENYA, IS DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN THE "ZOO" AT ROME.

at close quarters, but that never occurred to me till afterwards. In the ordinary way I am so used to wearing shirt and trousers in this country that I quite forgot for the time being that I was in a frock.

Suddenly, without any warning, he came straight for me, with lightning speed, head down. I only just had time to turn my back as I tried to run and get away, but there was no way of escape, as the trap-door was closed, and in any case he was too quick to give me time to do anything. I just crumpled up with a frightful blow and agonising pain through the back of my thigh; one of his horns had nearly pierced through to the other side. Fortunately my two friends came to my rescue, otherwise the bongo might not have left me so soon. My host dragged me out of the compound, put me in the car, and drove me quickly back to his house, which was only a short distance away. They were all very kind and did what they could for me (fortunately I didn't faint). My husband then arrived and rushed me to the nearest doctor, fifty miles away; the journey was painful, as some of the roads out here are not too good.

It will be some time before I recover the use of my leg, but I think myself most fortunate not to have been killed or crippled for life. Please excuse this pencilled letter, but as I am in the Nyeri Nursing Home on my back I find it difficult to write even with a pencil. This experience is unique. I claim to be the only person in the world who has been attacked and gored by a bongo. I enclose a very bad sketch to give you an idea, but I expect your press artist can reconstruct the whole thing and make another sketch, if you should think of publishing any of this. I am afraid I have made it lengthy, but thought it best to give as much detail as possible. You will be able to word it as you please. My husband is Captain W. Mitton, late R.A.F., and we farm in Kenya.

Yours faithfully,  
(Signed)

DAPHNE MITTON.



THE CAPTURED BONGO (ON LEFT) IN HIS ENCLOSURE, WITH AN AFRICAN STEER AS COMPANION, BEFORE GOING FROM AFRICA TO ITALY: THE FIRST MALE TO LEAVE HIS NATIVE LAND ALIVE AND THE SECOND OF HIS SPECIES CAUGHT BY COLONEL PERCY-SMITH IN KENYA.—[Photograph by Lieut.-Colonel E. Percy-Smith.]



# THE BONGO IN PEACE AND "WAR": A UNIQUE GROUP; AND A CHARGE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, CHICAGO. DRAWING BY C. E. TURNER AFTER A SKETCH BY MRS. W. MITTON. (SEE HER LETTER ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



BELIEVED TO BE THE ONLY EXISTING HABITAT GROUP OF BONGO: MOUNTED SPECIMENS—AN OLD BULL, A YOUNGER MALE, TWO FEMALES AND A "BABY" MALE FROM THE ABERDARE MOUNTAINS OF KENYA—GIVEN TO THE FIELD MUSEUM BY CAPT. HAROLD A. WHITE AND THE LATE MAJOR JOHN COATS.



"I CLAIM TO BE THE ONLY PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO HAS BEEN ATTACKED AND GORED BY A BONGO": MRS. MITTON'S UNIQUE BUT TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE WHILE PHOTOGRAPHING THE CAPTIVE MALE BONGO, WHICH CHARGED HER AT LIGHTNING SPEED AND DROVE ONE HORN ALMOST THROUGH HER THIGH.

Our upper illustration reproduces an interesting photograph which has just reached us from the Field Museum at Chicago. It shows what is believed to be the only museum group of bongo in the world, recently installed there in the Carl E. Akeley Memorial Hall. This unique exhibit was the gift of Captain Harold A. White, of New York, and the late Major John Coats, of Ayrshire, Scotland, who jointly financed and led the expedition to Africa which secured the specimens. These came from the same district as the living male bongo (shown on the two preceding pages) caught by Capt. Percy-Smith—that is, the Aberdare Mountains of Kenya. Besides shooting, Capt. White and his associates succeeded in making the first motion-pictures ever taken of living bongo. A descriptive note states: "The bongo is one of the most difficult animals to hunt because it frequents bamboo thickets and heavy forest undergrowth, where

following it quickly and quietly is almost impossible. It is the only large antelope that shuns the open plains. Rarely does the big-game hunter even see the bongo, and probably not more than half-a-dozen white men have ever obtained a specimen. Its protective coloration, reddish-brown with vertical white stripes, makes it almost invisible from even a short distance. Full-grown bongos range from 400 to 600 lb. in weight. As in the eland, both sexes have horns, black with white tips."—The other illustration shows Mrs. W. Mitton's terrifying adventure (described in her letter on the opposite page) while photographing, in its compound in Kenya, Capt. Percy-Smith's bongo already mentioned. She was badly gored, and almost transfixed, by one of its horns, but was rescued by two friends. The drawing shows, in the left background, the trap-door in the stockade. As it was closed, she had no means of escape.



# SECRET AGENTS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"SPIES I KNEW": By MARTHE McKENNA.\*

(PUBLISHED BY JARROLD'S.)

INTERNATIONAL usage is strangely inconsistent in its attitude towards the spy. There is obvious necessity for drastic treatment of the traitor who sells his own country; but the enemy individual who acts as a spy on behalf of his own forces is a "fighting unit" whose occupation is entirely honourable, and there seems no reason why, when he is discovered, he should be treated differently from a prisoner of war. However, military policy in this respect is dictated by fear, and it is well known that the "secret agent," however gallant and however patriotic, receives neither mercy from the enemy nor protection from his own Government.

A passport was forged for him, civilian clothes were secured, and a guide was supplied to lead him on to the next post. Hundreds of miles were covered by these escaping soldiers, passed from post to post by the heroic, devoted guides, until at last the desperate dash over the electrified barbed wire at the Dutch frontier."

The lynch-pin was an apparently guileless old gentleman, living in retirement at the small town of Eecloo. Posing as a chronic invalid, and supporting the rôle by a frail and senile appearance, he was probably considered too harmless to be an object of suspicion, and German troops were actually billeted in his house most of the time that he was carrying on his tortuous activities. He is given the name of Brut Verhagen. "Laura" met him only once. "His make-up was queer, a mixture of simple childishness and ferocious, cold hatred of the invader. His grasp of the follies of human nature, and especially the foibles and vanities of the invaders, was immense, but all through his cunning (if I might use the word) was 'devilish.' And coupled with this was amazing luck in his undertakings. The combination, hardly conceivable in one individual, made a formidable and terrible secret enemy." He is somewhere in the background of most of the adventures described in these pages.

The motives of the agents were various. Mme. McKenna denies that cupidity was often one of them; and indeed there is ample evidence from other quarters that the remuneration of the spy is, as a rule, surprisingly small. A patriotic desire to assist the Allied cause was the prevailing inducement, as in "Laura's" own case; but it is probable that the invaders would not have created so many determined secret enemies if they had adopted more conciliatory tactics. This book furnishes many instances of mild and peaceful citizens being converted, by gratuitous severities, into formidable and indefatigable spies. "Many law-abiding citizens, who in peace-time would hardly say 'boo' to a goose, were driven by the brutal, arrogant edicts of the invader to work entirely against him." One of the most interesting of these types

was the vegetable-woman of Roulers, "Canteen Ma," whose crippled husband was wantonly shot dead on his own doorstep because he inadvertently showed a chink of light. This woman, "for four years, amid ferocious drives on the part of counter-espionage agents, filled the rôle of super-spy." Able to move about freely buying and selling her wares, and maintaining successfully the pose of "stupidity," she was a reservoir of all kinds of information, and this she was able to transmit systematically through the large staff of "runners" whom she had at her command. She met her death from a bullet meant for another, when taking part in an enterprise of extreme risk; and it was not till then that her long-continued activities were discovered by the enemy whom she had done so much to embarrass.

Among the other agents we encounter types which are somewhat more familiar in the literature of secret service than "Canteen Ma." There is the Alsatian who is under a vow to his father, a straggler of '70, to contribute his share to *revanche*. The "double-croser" must have been of frequent occurrence in the Intelligence Services of all the combatants; his fate was swift and merciless when he was discovered, and one of the most highly-coloured incidents in this collection describes the ingenious manner in which Brut Verhagen lured to their own destruction two "double-crossers" whose treachery threatened the ruin of his whole organisation. Feldweibel Smedt was one of those professional criminals who found in war a golden



THE DOCUMENT CERTIFYING THAT MRS. MARTHE MCKENNA (THEN Mlle. CNOCKAERT, OF ROULERS) HAD BEEN MENTIONED IN BRITISH DESPATCHES. The mention was in a despatch from Sir Douglas Haig, dated November 8, 1918, and was for gallant and distinguished service in the field. The certificate was issued on March 1, 1919. The portrait has been superimposed.

It is obvious that the problem is particularly acute in an occupied territory, and, harsh though the policy of the Germans was in Belgium, it must be admitted that they were faced, from a purely military point of view, with harassing difficulties, although this was the inevitable penalty of unjustified invasion. The armies of Belgium could be overrun, but the secret, dogged, and resourceful resistance of the civilian population could not be subdued, even by the panic measures which were frequently resorted to. Thus, the utmost precautions could not prevent the extraordinary number of 35,000 people being "passed across the frontier" during four years of war. An elaborate organisation quickly sprang up, and of that organisation the writer of the present volume is in a good position to speak, for, as "Laura" of the British Intelligence, she was an important part of it from an early stage of the war. Those who are acquainted with her previous disclosures in "I Was a Spy" already know that "Laura" was a hospital nurse in Roulers, and was responsible for obtaining a continuous supply of valuable information and for the escape of a large number of prisoners of war. She stood in constant danger, and was eventually arrested, escaping the usual penalty only through the timely final "drive" of the Allies. Her services were amply recognised by her country, as illustrations in this book show.

There was, "Laura" assures us, little picturesque melodrama about the vocation of a spy in Belgium, though many of the incidents which she relates seem to indicate the contrary, and are certainly not lacking in elements of the "sensational." The members of the organisation, frequently unknown to each other, soon developed a sixth sense for detecting and eluding counter-espionage, and brought to a high pitch innumerable forms of deception. "Laura's" own stand-by was *simplicity*: "I quickly adopted the obvious and open, innocent-looking methods. Clever tricks I avoided." This is perhaps the most successful policy with an over-subtle and nervously suspicious enemy, as the British Intelligence early discovered. "To the end of the war, the British Intelligence Service led its German counterpart to believe in the rank stupidity of the British Service; thus the underrated one had won half the battle of wits at the outset."

By a well-organised system of runners, whose sole means of locomotion was on foot, a steady stream of information flowed over to the Allies, and there were few important movements of German troops which were not communicated to British or French headquarters. In addition, the traffic in fugitives was maintained with little interruption. "The procedure was similar in most instances. The fugitive, an escaping prisoner of war, or a soldier who in some hurried retreat had got cut off from his battalion, hidden for weeks, and sometimes months, by civilians, was put in the hands of one of the organisations.



A PLACE OF CONCEALMENT FOR ESCAPING BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR: THE "BLACK HOLE" OF ROULERS.

"The procedure was similar in most instances. The fugitive, an escaping prisoner of war, or a soldier who in some hurried retreat had got cut off from his battalion, hidden for weeks, and sometimes months, by civilians, was put in the hands of one of the organisations. A passport was forged for him, civilian clothes secured, and a guide supplied to lead him on to the next post. Hundreds of miles were covered by these escaping soldiers, passed from post to post by the heroic, devoted guides, until at last the desperate dash over the electrified barbed wire at the Dutch frontier. Countless numbers of youths of military age were passed over thus, avengers eager to join up in their own army to avenge some burning wrong."

Reproductions from "Spies I Knew," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Jarrolds.



A FALSE PASSPORT SUPPLIED BY AN ORGANISATION FOR ASSISTING ESCAPING PRISONERS OF WAR AND OTHER FUGITIVES TO CROSS THE FRONTIER TO SAFETY: THE DOCUMENT MADE FOR SERGT. ROBERT PENNIKET, OF THE B.E.F., WHO IS SEEN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH DISGUISED AS A BELGIAN CIVILIAN.

During the retreat from Mons, Sergeant Penniket, Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, was cut off from his battalion at Marbaix. He wandered to the village of Grand Fayt. Near there he was hidden in a tumbledown hut and fed by the Legrand family. He was there from August 28, 1914 until May 4, 1915. Then, with a false passport, clothes and money supplied, and aided by a woman guide, he was passed over the Dutch frontier. The journey took eleven days.

opportunity; not content with taking systematic bribes to pass escapers across the frontier, he made a side-line of impersonating exalted officers and levying blackmail on his paymasters. This time it was not Brut Verhagen, but the German Intelligence itself, which exacted the penalty for treachery, but not before the impostor had withstood a lively siege. On this occasion "Canteen Ma" found herself very much in the thick of things, for, while the siege of Smedt was being conducted on her premises, a British agent whom she was harbouring was endeavouring to blow up a dump, an air-raid to which she was privy was in progress, and one of her agents was setting fire to a barn! The life of "Canteen Ma" certainly did not lack incident.

It is not clear whether this book has been written in English by a foreigner—in which case it would be unkind to dwell too closely on matters of form and expression—or has been translated. If the latter, we cannot congratulate the translator on his style, as exemplified by "Bon chance," the frequently repeated plural "swines," and a sentence like: "Fräulein, the stricken have no nationality to we doctors!"

\* "Spies I Knew," By Marthe McKenna (Marthe Cnockaert). Author of "I Was a Spy!" (Jarrolds; 16s.)



# THE WORLD'S LARGEST LINER ENTERING THE LARGEST GRAVING DOCK.

FROM THE DRAWING SPECIALLY DONE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.



"THE KING GEORGE V. GRAVING DOCK" AT SOUTHAMPTON USED FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE 56,598-TON WHITE STAR LINER "MAJESTIC" ENTERING THE GREAT DOCK; WITH THE "CARNARVON CASTLE," LEAVING FOR THE CAPE WITH PRINCE GEORGE ON BOARD, VISIBLE IN THE BACKGROUND JUST TO THE LEFT OF THE "MAJESTIC."

The world's largest liner, "Majestic," entered the world's largest graving dock at Southampton on January 19. Although the Royal Yacht steamed into the dock for the opening by the King last July 26, it was the first time that it had been put into commercial use. The dock, officially named "The King George V. Graving Dock," is part of the Southern Railway's £8,000,000 Docks Extension Scheme at Southampton. Building on it began in June 1931. The White Star liner "Majestic" was to have entered on January 18; but a strong south-westerly gale,

the same that delayed the "Nelson" at Portsmouth, rendered a postponement advisable. Improved conditions the following day enabled the work to be carried out without hitch, and when the ship was in position the four hours' task of emptying the dock began. Our artist, it will be noticed, has included in his drawing the Union Castle liner "Carnarvon Castle," which left Southampton on January 19, taking Prince George to the Cape. His Royal Highness was leaving for a tour of South Africa and Rhodesia, from which he will return about the end of April.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AND still they come—"they" being more books on our native art, not without reference to a certain Exhibition, which by this time, perhaps, need not be further specified. There is an air of authority, coupled with full information and sound judgment free from opinionated prejudices, about the first of the new arrivals, entitled "BRITISH PAINTING." By C. H. Collins Baker, Surveyor of the King's Pictures; Head of Research in Art History, Huntington Library and Art Gallery, California; author of "Lely and the Stuart Portrait Painters." With a chapter on Primitive Painting by Montague R. James, Litt.D., Provost of Eton College. With 256 Illustrations, including twelve in Colour (Medici Society; 30s.). Mr. Collins Baker's allusion to himself as "a National Gallery person" modestly veils the fact that he was formerly Keeper of that institution; while, as he reminds us with more emphasis, Dr. James is an acknowledged authority on the mediæval period. The reader in quest of "light and leading" amid the maze of treasure at Burlington House is thus in safe hands, while in all externals, especially the quality and abundance of the illustrations, this book maintains the high standard of the Medici Society's productions. A very beautiful and beguiling work!

I had always supposed that the "canon," so to speak, of British art was more or less established; or, in other words, that since primitive times, at any rate, we knew what had been done and who had done it, and the only thing in dispute was the comparative merit of the various performers. Here, of course, I was wrong, as it appears there is still scope for the art detective, especially in the Tudor period. "But years of research in country houses," writes Mr. Collins Baker, "before central heatings shall have hastened corruption, and years of reading will be needed to complete our study of Tudor painting." In more than one passage the author dwells on the "world supremacy" of the British school of landscape, as represented in *excelsis* by Constable and Turner, who "were of the Titan race"; Cotman and Crome; and, in our own day, by Mr. P. Wilson Steer.

Mr. Collins Baker does not put in his very front rank of landscape painters Richard Bonington, the "Keats" of British art, who died of consumption at the age of twenty-seven, seven years after Keats had died of the same disease at the age of twenty-six. Nevertheless, Bonington has been accorded a colour-plate, "The Coast of Picardy." While to Turner, beyond doubt, can most fittingly be applied the poet's line—

A more ideal artist he than all,

yet Bonington has expressed with consummate charm the poetry of the real. Another critic says: "If Bonington had lived longer, he must have surpassed Constable merely as a painter, so complete is his scientific mastery of method." I quote this passage from "PAINTERS OF ENGLAND." By S. C. Kaines Smith, Keeper of the Birmingham City Art Gallery. Illustrated with eight Plates in Colour, and forty in Monochrome (Medici Society; 7s. 6d.). Here again the illustrations are in the best Medici manner. This well-considered survey is on a much smaller scale than the book just mentioned, but in like manner it also represents wide knowledge and experience.

Mr. Kaines Smith stresses the human side of art history, with many anecdotal touches. We learn, for example, how a famous Dutchman, Sir Peter Lely, came by his English name; and how another Dutchman, Van Dyck, generously befriended an English artist whom he found starving in a garret—namely, William Dobson (1610-46), called by Charles I. "the English Tintoretto." Coming to later times, the author shows fair play towards a once-famous Victorian, now as much "derided" as Polyphemus. "No doubt it was easy enough to turn Leighton aside into the broad path of fashionable sentimentality disguised as classical erudition; but that he had better in him than he ever showed is surely proved by his pathetic remark to Watts. 'Watts,' said he, 'if I could paint and you could draw, what an artist we should be.'" More dramatic is the poignant story of Whistler's recantation of his antipathy to Aubrey Beardsley's work. "Whistler despised Wilde, but he paid the boy Beardsley the compliment of

loathing him, until one day he looked through the incomparable drawings for 'The Rape of the Lock,' and said: 'Aubrey, I have made a great mistake. You are a very great artist'; whereat Beardsley burst into tears, and Whistler, deeply touched, soothed him, saying again and again, 'I mean it.'" Among the modern men, Mr. Kaines Smith bestows his highest admiration on Frank Brangwyn and Augustus John.

I find a consensus of disparagement of the "story picture" or the "anecdotic spirit," as Mr. Collins Baker calls it, in nineteenth-century art, appealing to popular sentiment; yet at the same time critics commend what amounts to the same thing in Hogarth. Mr. Kaines Smith, for instance, remarks with approval that for Hogarth "painting was not a thing apart from life, a kind of glorified end in itself, but simply a language by means of which he could describe a character or tell a story, or point a moral or attack a political party or a social wrong." If Hogarth is to be admired for doing these things, why should Millais, for example, be denounced, not as an inferior painter, but because certain of his works "are simply story pictures of the most blatant kind, scarcely redeemed by remarkably fine workmanship"? There seems to me to be a certain inconsistency here.

As a pendant to the two foregoing books may be mentioned a useful pamphlet called "A BRIEF GUIDE TO ENGLISH PAINTING." By Nigel De Grey (Medici Society; 1s.); containing a chronological list

Conway. "Possibly Holbein," we read, "who painted portraits both of Sir Henry and Sir Thomas Wyatt, stayed at Allington." Apart from all the lesser houses mentioned, Knole and Penshurst between them contain enough pictures to make an exhibition by themselves.

From Kent I pass to a county providing for preservation by the National Trust a model English village (West Wycombe)—the county of Buckingham—in its "CALENDAR TO THE SESSIONS RECORDS." Vol. I., 1678-94. Edited by William Le Hardy, M.C., F.S.A. (Aylesbury; Published by Guy R. Crouch, Clerk of the Peace, County Hall; 10s.). Although not at first glance a wildly exciting work, with so much space occupied by long lists of names, the book, on closer inspection, contains much valuable detail throwing light on social history and local government in the seventeenth century. Ending as it does only three years before the birth of Hogarth, it may be said to represent to some extent English rural life almost contemporary with the urban life that he depicted. Nor is there lacking an element of humour in certain turns of phrase, such as the "Order that Edmund Serch having faithfully served his Majesty 4 yeares att Tangier and being burst in the said service, shall be admitted to a County pension of 40s. a year." An early variant of the expression "broke in our wars!" Another example of unconscious humour is the following entry: "Mr. Tilcock, a 'chirurgion,' to be paid £5 'for the Cure of one Manne lately Executed for felony.'" A common incident of country life in those days must have been the sight of thieves, of either sex, being whipped at the cart's-tail or the post. This punishment, for instance, was inflicted on "Thomas Walton, who pleaded guilty of stealing 'one female asse' value 1rd., from John Risley esquire."

Country life and agricultural scenes of the type familiar to such landscape painters as Constable or Crome are recalled by "CHANGE IN THE FARM." By T. Hennell. With Illustrations by the Author (Cambridge University Press; 10s. 6d.). Mr. Hennell, however, does not confine himself to East Anglia, but ranges all over the British Isles for his material. Among the English counties, Kent and Buckinghamshire are not neglected. He has given us here "a record of rural industry in the days when farming was an art and the craftsman had not yet been ousted by the machine." The book would have been more useful for reference had it possessed an index.

That indispensable feature of any historical or informative work, together with notes and a glossary, is duly included in a volume dealing autobiographically with one particular phase of old-time craftsmanship—a new and cheap edition of "THE WHEELWRIGHT'S SHOP." By George Sturt (George Bourne). With eight Plates and twenty-four Text-figures (Cambridge University Press; 7s. 6d.). The invention of the wheel was one of the most momentous events in the history of man. The author does not discuss its origin in the prehistoric twilight or its influence on social evolution. Rather he has given us a well-written story of personal experience in the craft during and since the 'eighties of last century. His work and ideas show the influence of Ruskin.

Some writers might be called landscape painters in words. Among them may be reckoned the author of a book that will appeal strongly to all lovers of our country in its quieter aspects—"THE HEART OF ENGLAND BY WATERWAY." A Canoeing Chronicle by River and Canal. By William Bliss. With Illustrations and Map showing Rivers and Canals navigable for a Canoe (Witherby; 7s. 6d.). I had thought that of late years there had been a certain resuscitation of our canals, but Mr. Bliss rather suggests the opposite. "One by one," he declares, "they are becoming derelict," and his book is a wistful tribute to past delights. There is something about waterways, perhaps, that makes a man appreciate the attractions of an inn, and in this matter Mr. Bliss shows kinship of ideas with a well-known enthusiast for canal and river life. He denounces "Dora-esque restrictions" that have killed the village inn, in good set terms that might have come from the author of "The Water Gipsies." C. E. B.



A FAMOUS SCHOOL THAT ATTAINED ITS TENTH ANNIVERSARY LAST YEAR: STOWE—FORMERLY THE SEAT OF THE DUKES OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS: A NEW PAINTING BY ALGERNON NEWTON.

This painting by Mr. Algernon Newton is in the Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings by Living British Artists, which is now being held at Colnaghi's, in New Bond Street. It will be recalled that Stowe School was founded on May 11, 1923, with ninety-nine boys, and that when it celebrated its tenth anniversary last year—an occasion honoured by the Prince of Wales—it boasted 500 pupils. In our issue of June 10, 1933, we illustrated the Prince's visit and the school itself, showing the boys at work and play. The central building of the school is the historic Stowe House, built and beautified by Lord Cobham and Lord Temple in the eighteenth century, and long the seat of the Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos. Pope and Horace Walpole were familiar with it.—[Copyright Reserved.]

of British painters from 1200 to 1900 A.D., with parallel columns of contemporary foreign artists and epoch-making historical events. Mr. De Grey also finds room, in his brief outline, for an allusion to "story-interest" in nineteenth-century British art. This practice was not considered so despicable in antiquity, for what remains of Greek, Roman, or Egyptian art is full of pictorial "anecdote." From the golden age of the Greeks we have more literature than painting; nothing has survived of Apelles or Polygnotus, but in Greek vase-painting the "story" is predominant, as indicated by Keats in his "Ode on a Grecian Urn." The point is abundantly proved and illustrated in a scholarly and readable little book, "POET AND ARTIST IN GREECE." By Ernest A. Gardner, Emeritus Professor of Archaeology in the University of London. With fifty-two Illustrations (Duckworth; 5s.). Here Dr. Gardner traces in much detail the relative treatment of myths and legends in Greek poetry and pottery. There is hardly a vase-painting in the book that does not "tell a story."

Sources of research for lost or forgotten relics of Tudor painting, as suggested by Mr. Collins Baker, are doubtless to be found among the mansions described in "COUNTRY HOUSES OF KENT." By Arthur Oswald. With 208 Illustrations from Photographs, and a Map (Country Life; 12s. 6d.). This beautifully illustrated book is mainly concerned with the architectural features of the many lovely old buildings in which "the hop county" is so peculiarly rich. The author outlines their history, but is not concerned to record all the treasures of painting and sculpture which they contain. There are, however, some incidental allusions to such matters, as, for instance, in the account of Allington Castle, recently restored by Lord



# THE COUNTRYSIDE: A FOURTH SERIES OF DRAWINGS BY BLAMPIED.

Drawings specially made for "The Illustrated London News" by Edmund Blampied.



"THE 'HAUT PETIT MONDE' OF THE LITTLE COUNTRY TOWN."



"AT THE LAWYER'S: 'THEM BLISTERED HEREAFTERS, AFORESAIDS, FORTHWITHS AND WHEREASES DO FLUTE AWAY A MAN'S MONEY.'"

We have previously reproduced three sets of drawings by that distinguished modern artist, Edmund Blampied. In our new series—devoted to the countryside—we have given drawings of the countryman's leisurely version of both business and pleasure;

two moments of bucolic emotion; the contemplative aspect of life on the farm; and peeps into the domestic life of "our village." This week's drawings (the ninth and tenth) show business hours and the social round in a country town.



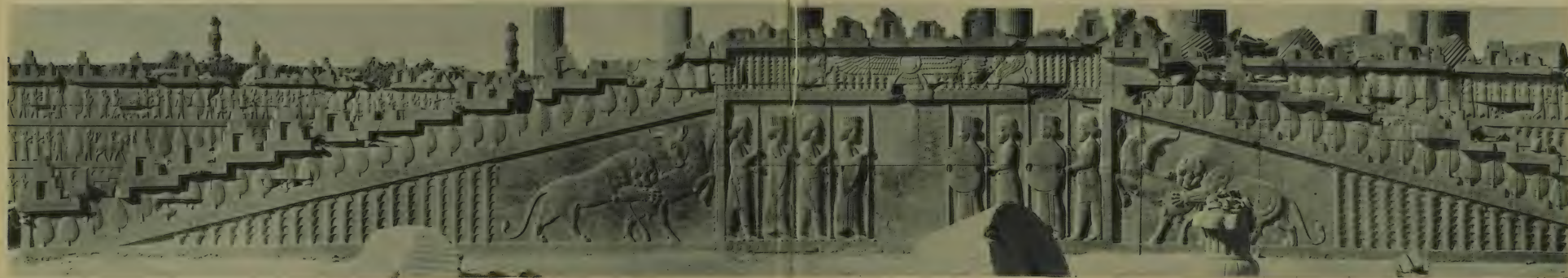
# GLORIES OF PERSEPOLIS REVEALED: A SOUTH-TO-NORTH PANORAMA OF THE RESTORED STAIRWAY TO THE HALL OF DARIUS.

BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR ERNST HERZFELD, FIELD DIRECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ORIENTAL INSTITUTE EXPEDITION TO PERSIA. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. H. W. VON BUSE, PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE EXPEDITION.



THE LEFT (SOUTHERN) END OF THE GREAT MONUMENTAL STAIRWAY TO THE HALL OF DARIUS AT PERSEPOLIS, WITH ITS WONDERFUL SCULPTURES: THE OUTER WALL, WITH A THREE-TIERED FRIEZE REPRESENTING THE PROCESSION OF TRIBUTE-BEARERS FROM TWENTY-FIVE VASSAL NATIONS, EACH GROUP LED BY A COURT OFFICIAL AND DIVIDED FROM THE NEXT BY A CYPRESS TREE.

(N.B.—This section of the photograph connects at the right-hand end with the left end of the central section below.)



THE CENTRAL PORTION OF THE GREAT STAIRWAY TO THE HALL OF DARIUS AT PERSEPOLIS: A STRUCTURE PROJECTING FROM THE REST, WITH STAIRS OF ITS OWN EACH SIDE; THE MIDDLE GROUP FLANKED BY THE PERSIAN ROYAL "ARMS"—A LION ATTACKING A BULL (REPEATED IN EACH ANGLE, AS SHOWN ABOVE AND BELOW).

(N.B.—This section of the photograph connects on the left with the right-hand end of the section above, and on the right with the left end of the section below.)



THE RIGHT (NORTHERN) END OF THE STAIRWAY TO THE HALL OF DARIUS: THE OUTER WALL, WITH A THREE-TIERED FRIEZE REPRESENTING THE PALACE GUARDS, CALLED THE "TEN THOUSAND IMMORTALS," FORMED OF PERSIAN, MEDIAN, AND SUSIAN REGIMENTS, SOME "AT ARMS" AND OTHERS "STANDING AT EASE"; (IN THE TOP ROW) TWO CHARIOTS WITH THE KING'S RIDING-HORSE AND CAMP-STOOL.

(N.B.—This section of the photograph connects on the left with the right-hand end of the central section above.)

The magnificent discoveries made at Persepolis, capital of the ancient Persian empire, by the Chicago University Oriental Institute Expedition under Professor Herzfeld, were extensively illustrated and described by him in our issue of March 25, 1933. He has now sent us these new photographs, showing in much greater completeness the wonderful series of sculptures on the monumental stairways which were the principal "finds." These sculptures have been replaced in position with infinite care and skill. The three sections of photographs, if placed end to end (the right-hand end of the top row joining the left end of

the middle row, and the latter's right-hand end joining the left-hand end of the bottom row), would form a single continuous panorama of the stairway (about 292 ft. long) leading to the Hall of Darius. Professor Herzfeld writes: "The sculptures were made, according to inscriptions, in the reign of Xerxes, although the whole building to which they belong, viz., the great audience hall, or Apadana, is the work of his father, Darius, according to gold and silver documents discovered in its foundations. The frieze represents the great tribute procession of the various nations of the Achaemenian empire, of which twenty-

five are represented, each national group separated from the next by a cypress tree. To the right are the guards awaiting the procession (lower photograph): the Susian guards are "at arms"; the Persians and Medes only as spectators." Other details were given in Professor Herzfeld's previous description. "The regiments of guards," he wrote, "were called the 'Ten Thousand Immortals.' At the end of the first row of these guards [at the top in lower photograph] two horned chariots are conducted. According to Herodotus, these were the chariots of the god Ahuramazda and of the King, each drawn by eight white

stallions. Grooms lead a riding-horse for the King, and other servants bear his camp-stool. The usual gifts [i.e. of the tribute-bearers] are horses, camels, bulls, or rarer animals such as a lioness with her cub, an antelope, a giraffe. Every nation also presented specimens of national costume and vessels of gold." Regarding the design of the stairway, we read: "The triangles produced by flights of steps and the ground level are always decorated with a figure of a lion attacking a bull. This group may be called the 'arms' of Achaemenian Persia, a symbol of astrological meaning which originated in Babylonia."



## Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

FOR two thousand years it has been accepted that Catalina was a political adventurer whose mind, stooping to every baseness and fearing no crime, fitted him to lead the conspiracy that has made his name infamous. Our generation is sceptical of history moulded by a man's adversaries after his death, and Jack Lindsay challenges the verdict in Catalina's case. Mr. Colin Still, who writes the foreword to "Rome for Sale," extols Mr. Lindsay's classical learning, shrewd judgment, and acute insight into the motives of human conduct. At the same time, he advises that only a thoroughly competent scholar will be able to determine what is fact and what is fiction. It is unlikely that the average novel-reader will try to penetrate very far into the labyrinth of a remote controversy; but no one will read this book without finding food for thought in it, and being captured by its vivid, imaginative reconstructions of ancient Rome and the sweeping movement of its dramatic occasions.

The seasonal festivals space out the action. The background to the patriot (as Mr. Lindsay sees him) is the decay of agriculture and the unrest of workless proletarians. The corruption of the financial oligarchy, the debauchery of rich men, the insensate luxury—Lucullus gives a feast—are contrasted with Catalina's grimly determined figure, brooding and plotting the overthrow of the parasitic destroyers of the commonwealth. In a most moving passage near the end, after he is dead and the conspiracy has been defeated, a sick man lying silent on a side-couch while Caesar dines with his friends perceives as in a vision how little sense they possess of the great web of energies of which they are part. Their politics and social status, he reflects, have no reality; they are knots in the striving purpose; there is something miserably grand in their intent faces. The sick man is Lucretius.

Eric Linklater's "Magnus Merriman" is a novel without a hero. Magnus capers goat-wise; his eccentric progress is diverting, but it leads nowhere. His friendships have more whisky than affection in them; his love-affairs are feeble. It is never very far from his mind that he is a poet, and he makes it the excuse for indecorum—poetry must be nourished by experience. He is the young man of promise whose exploits at Inverdoon University make him conspicuous, who has a passionate intrigue with a girl medical student, and, having taken Second-Class Honours with some difficulty, celebrates his good fortune by brawling in the street. He leaps in and out of Fleet Street journalism and, with ignominious results, of politics. At the last he returns to his native Orkney, marries because he must, buys a farm and bungles at farming; and is left dreaming of the best piece of poetry that he will write, but which one suspects has been already written. His adventures are a vehicle for Mr. Linklater's lively satire, and most of them take place in Scotland.

Mary Mitchell is a new writer, an exhilarating new writer, bubbling with the zest of artistic creation. You may have a misgiving at the beginning of "A Warning to Wantons," when geography and genealogy are jostling for place; but once the Wanton has made her opening pirouette she carries everything before her. Renée de Vaillière is entrancing. If she had applied her arts of fascination for self-interest instead of sheer mischief she might have been one of the great courtesans; in the seventeenth or eighteenth century she could hardly have escaped the highest left-handed honour. But she is of our own time, and the better to arrange her "not undeserved but awful fate," Miss Mitchell has designed a mountainous district in south-eastern Europe where autocratic noble families still hold sway and remote valleys harbour a handsome peasant as wild as a deer. Wanton though she is, Renée has courage and a heart; this is the key to the irresistible charm of her story.

That Adrienne Hazlet in "Playing with Fire" provokes calamity is less a matter of her temperament than of her pitiable stupidity. Her husband of a day is called back to London from their wedding journey, and he insists on her going on alone to the hotel at Villefranche. She relieves her chagrin and boredom by exploring the local life, including the artists' circle in a local café. The good-looking fisherman she comes across and patronises is new country to her, and, with the American woman's bright assurance, she thinks a little innocent spoiling will be nice

for him. What the café thinks can be imagined; and at least one of her hotel acquaintances points out that Jario has already been spoiled to danger-point by the painters who have asked him to sit for them. But Gerry Graham, who knows, passes on; Hazlet arrives, and the too-confident honeymooners are swept into tragedy. The sunlight and the easy, lounging, pleasant-mannered people play some part in intoxicating Adrienne. Alec Waugh is admirable in this lightly-told, skilful little tale.

The sober perception in "Straphangers," by Norah James, and "Youth Can't Be Served," by Norah Hoult, distinguishes them from the ruck of realistic novels about insignificant people. Miss James looks into a compartment of a Tube train on its way to town, and follows the

By Myself," which begins perfectly, "There are ghosts in Charleston . . .", and "One Head Well Done," in which the head is without a body.

The narrative of "Bredon and Sons" continues from the eighteen forties to the present day. They had been master boat-builders on the Suffolk coast for three hundred years. The story, as it runs in the old shop on the shore at Senwich, is a magnificent epic of the East-Anglian breed. Bredons defied the gales: when their shop was smashed to matchwood and they were brought to the brink of ruin or overwhelmed by the encroaching sea, they went down fighting. Neil Bell could have ended with the death of Arthur Bredon and left a heroic story complete. But since "Bredon and Sons" is a family history, he has carried it on, past the decline of boat-building, down to the nineteen thirties, when a scattered generation is failing or succeeding elsewhere and otherwise than on the Senwich strand. To say that the first part is greater than the last is not to disparage a fine book. Mr. Bell has had a grand subject in the old boat-builder and his sons, and he has done full justice to it.

We have yet to discover Helen Ashton repeating herself. "Family Cruise," equally good in its own way, runs on entirely different lines from "Belinda Grove." If the Delamere family were expunged, it would still be a most beguiling arm-chair trip to the Greek islands. If they had stayed at home, they would still be a family we are charmed to meet. Henry, the father, sums up the voyage in retrospect as a turning-point in their lives. That is the secret hope of many people who make tourist voyages; he was sharing his wife's delusion that an English family can be changed by changing its environment. The Delameres carried their critical private concerns on board with them; they were so preoccupied with them that they hardly saw Greece. Rose, the mother, had "managed" the cruise, trusting it would be all for the best. It was; but chiefly because a family sound at heart usually turns out well, and Miss Ashton in lighter vein is benevolent to her characters. Slipped into, or slipping in and out of, the Delamere picture is the wonderfully neat portrait of Miss Pilgrim, the elderly spinster without whom no conducted tour can be considered complete.

This must be the lucky month for detective-story fans. A Dorothy Sayers and an Agatha Christie together are almost too good to be true. "The Nine Tailors" is one of those conjuring feats of imagination in which Miss Sayers excels, compelling one to accept Lord Peter Wimsey as not merely credible, but as inevitable. As for the Fen country, set any East-Anglian down to "The Nine Tailors," and see with what avidity he tries to catch Miss Sayers out in her local colour, and how he subsides into speechless admiration. Then the bells. Church bells in a detective novel? But what better medium could be found through which to commend and defend the practice of the ancient craft, seeing that Miss Sayers is as widely read as any novelist in England to-day? Finally, the cause of death in the case is superb. Mrs. Christie, too, is at her best in "Murder on the Orient Express." She

holds a fantastically unlikely situation practically watertight against criticism. The snowing-up of the express is a stroke of genius. Even M. Hercule Poirot might have been defeated but for that happy chance.

"The Dragon Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine, is an ingenious story, but after the slick manipulation of the affairs in the preceding books the dragon business seems rather artificial. Still, monsters being in the public eye, it was a good idea to plant one at the heart of the Stamm Estate mystery.

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

Rome for Sale. By Jack Lindsay. (Elkin Mathews and Marrot; 8s. 6d.)  
Magnus Merriman. By Eric Linklater. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)  
A Warning to Wantons. By Mary Mitchell. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)  
Playing with Fire. By Alec Waugh. (Benn; 2s. 6d.)  
Straphangers. By Norah James. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)  
Youth Can't Be Served. By Norah Hoult. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)  
High Nile. (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.)  
Great American Short Stories. (John Long; 10s. 6d.)  
Bredon and Sons. By Neil Bell. (Collins; 8s. 6d.)  
Family Cruise. By Helen Ashton. (Gollancs; 7s. 6d.)  
The Nine Tailors. By Dorothy L. Sayers. (Gollancs; 7s. 6d.)  
Murder on the Orient Express. By Agatha Christie. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)  
The Dragon Murder Case. By S. S. Van Dine. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)

## To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes: in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

passengers to their several destinations. They are types, but this is not insisted on, and the observation goes well below the surface of their lives. Miss Hoult's suburban family are "comfortable" people, actually as hedged about by their limitations as most suburban families, and as sincerely and simply affectionate. The straphangers live precariously; they range from a commercial traveller to a charwoman. The boy and girl in "Youth Can't Be Served" leave home at their own choice, and their gestures of independence are pathetic. These books are alive. "High Nile," on the other hand, is not. Its spiritual home is the Anglo-Indian fiction of Jubilee days; that the scene is Egypt is immaterial. The idea has been to weave a romantic plot into the pattern of administrative problems, but the author's craftsmanship has not been equal to his intention.

"Great American Short Stories" is an excellent collection, as well as a fat, satisfying volume. If some writers are not represented by their best work, as in Hemingway's case, it has to be remembered that the contents are confined to the stories awarded money prizes by the O. Henry Memorial Committee. Many are sardonic, and there are some lovable, creepy ones in the Old South manner. It would be hard to beat "Can't Cross Jordan



# MUSSOLINI'S "PALAZZO VENEZIA" ON RAILS: "IL DUCE'S" ARMOURED TRAIN.



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S SPECIAL TRAIN: THE SHEDS IN WHICH IT IS HOUSED (UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYES OF A FASCIST GUARD); WITH FLOWER-BEDS PLANTED BETWEEN THE RAILS.



"IL DUCE'S" SLEEPING-COMPARTMENT IN THE SPECIAL TRAIN: THE BED SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOWS—WHICH ARE PROVIDED WITH STEEL SHUTTERS.



THE KITCHEN IN THE "PALAZZO VENEZIA" ON RAILS; WITH A PILE OF THE SPECIAL CROCKERY ORNAMENTED WITH THE EMBLEMS OF FASCIST ITALY.



THE MOBILE "PALAZZO VENEZIA" PERFECTLY EQUIPPED AS A SET OF OFFICES FOR SIGNOR MUSSOLINI AND HIS STAFF: A SECRETARIAL COMPARTMENT.



THE INNER SANCTUM ON "IL TRENO PRESIDENZIALE": SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S BUSINESSLIKE STUDY; WITH A FASCIST GUARD.



IN THE TRAIN PRESENTED TO SIGNOR MUSSOLINI BY THE ITALIAN STATE RAILWAYS; COMPLETE IN EVERY DETAIL: THE FINE BATHROOM FOR "IL DUCE'S" OWN USE.

Romantic associations linger round Special Trains. Some of them are assured of a place in the history books of the future. It was in Foch's railway coach that the Armistice was signed in the Forest of Compiègne. History will also remember a sumptuous Imperial train with more melancholy associations: that in which the last Emperor of all the Russias had his abdication typed out on a siding near Pskov. Finally, there are the special trains of our own royalty. Also to be mentioned are those owned by wealthy Americans. The cinema has revealed them to the world in all their luxury; but they are at the present time somewhat diminished in number.

The special train which figures on this page is of great historic importance—nothing less, in fact, than the mobile "Palazzo Venezia" of the head of Italian Fascism. According to our correspondent, the train was recently presented to "Il Duce" by the Italian State Railways. In accordance with Fascist traditions in the matter of decoration, gaudiness is discarded in favour of a businesslike, almost sombre simplicity. "Il treno presidenziale" is painted green, and is distinguished by the absence of any inscription. The train consists of six carriages. It is also stated to be armoured, with steel blinds that can be drawn down over the windows.



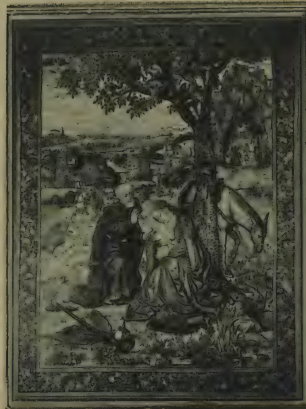
## THE LEOPOLD HIRSCH COLLECTION TO COME UNDER THE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE AUCTIONEERS, MESSRS. CHRISTIE.



A CHIPPENDALE SETTEE IN MAHOGANY, WITH SEAT AND BACK STUFFED AND COVERED IN NEEDLEWORK IN COLOURED SILKS AND WOOLS ON A BLUE GROUND.  
(6 ft. 8 in. wide.)

(RIGHT)  
A PANEL OF  
BRUSSELS  
TAPESTRY IN  
COLOURED  
AND GOLD  
THREADS—  
"THE REPOSE  
IN EGYPT."  
(Early 18th Century.  
7 ft. 3 in. high;  
5 ft. 6 in. wide.)



ONE OF A SET OF FOUR CHIPPENDALE CHAIRS IN MAHOGANY; THE SEATS STUFFED AND COVERED IN GREEN VELVET.



A CHIPPENDALE CHAIR IN MAHOGANY; THE LOOSE SEAT STUFFED AND COVERED IN FLORAL GREEN DAMASK.



ONE OF A SET OF SIX CHIPPENDALE CHAIRS IN MAHOGANY, WITH LOOSE SEAT COVERED IN FLORAL GREEN SILK DAMASK.  
—FROM THE SIR EDWARD J. DEAN PAUL COLLECTION.



ONE OF A SET OF TWELVE WILLIAM III. CHAIRS IN WALNUT, WITH SPOONED BACKS, DESIGNED IN THE MANNER OF DANIEL MAROT.



ONE OF A SET OF FOUR CHIPPENDALE ARM-CHAIRS IN MAHOGANY; THE NEEDLEWORK SEATS AND BACKS STUFFED, SHOWING PEASANTS MERRYMAKING.



A CHIPPENDALE ARM-CHAIR IN MAHOGANY; DESIGNED IN THE CHINESE TASTE AND WITH A SEAT STUFFED AND COVERED IN FLORAL GREEN SILK DAMASK.

## HAMMER: OUTSTANDING FURNITURE AND A FINE TAPESTRY.

MARSH AND WOODS, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1.



A CHIPPENDALE TRIPOD TABLE IN MAHOGANY, WITH A GREEN MARBLE TOP AND A KEY-PATTERN BRASS GALLERY.  
(26 in. in diameter.)



AN ADAM SIDE-TABLE IN MAHOGANY, WITH SERPENTINE-SHAPED FRONT AND OGEE ENDS; THE LEGS CARVED WITH FLUTES CONTAINING HUSK FESTOONS.  
(7 ft. 3 in. wide.)



A CHIPPENDALE CARD-TABLE IN MAHOGANY, SERPENTINE-SHAPED AND WITH A FOLDING TOP COVERED IN GREEN BAIZE.  
(57 in. wide.)



A CHIPPENDALE CABINET IN MAHOGANY, SUPPORTED ON A STAND WITH FIVE LEGS, THE CENTRAL ONE OF WHICH BEARS AN ESCUTCHEON CHARGED WITH THE ARMS OF WOLFERSTON, CO. STAFFS. (7 ft. high; 6 ft. 4 in. wide.)



A CHIPPENDALE COMMODE IN MAHOGANY; WITH SERPENTINE-SHAPED FRONT AND SIDES AND FITTED WITH TWO SHORT AND TWO LONG DRAWERS, AND HAVING ELABORATE ORMOLU HANDLES AND KEY-HOLE ESCUTCHEONS. (4 ft. 4 in. wide.)

As we noted in our last issue, in which we gave a double-page of photographs of Gainsborough's "Show-box" and the twelve coloured transparencies the artist painted on glass for it, the sale of the Leopold Hirsch Collection at Christie's, from May 7 to 11, will mean the dispersal of many unusually interesting and fine lots.

Here we deal with certain of the pieces that will come under the hammer on May 7 and one (the tapestry) which will be sold on the 8th. On the whole, the photographs, with their captions, are self-explanatory; but additional details as to two of them may be useful.—The panel of Brussels tapestry was shown at the Loan Exhi-

bition of Flemish and Belgian Art in 1927, and is mentioned in Thomson's "History of Tapestry." The panel—"The Repose in Egypt"—is enclosed in a border woven with birds in alternating flower and vine branches.—The mahogany Chippendale cabinet is supported on a stand with five straight legs boldly carved

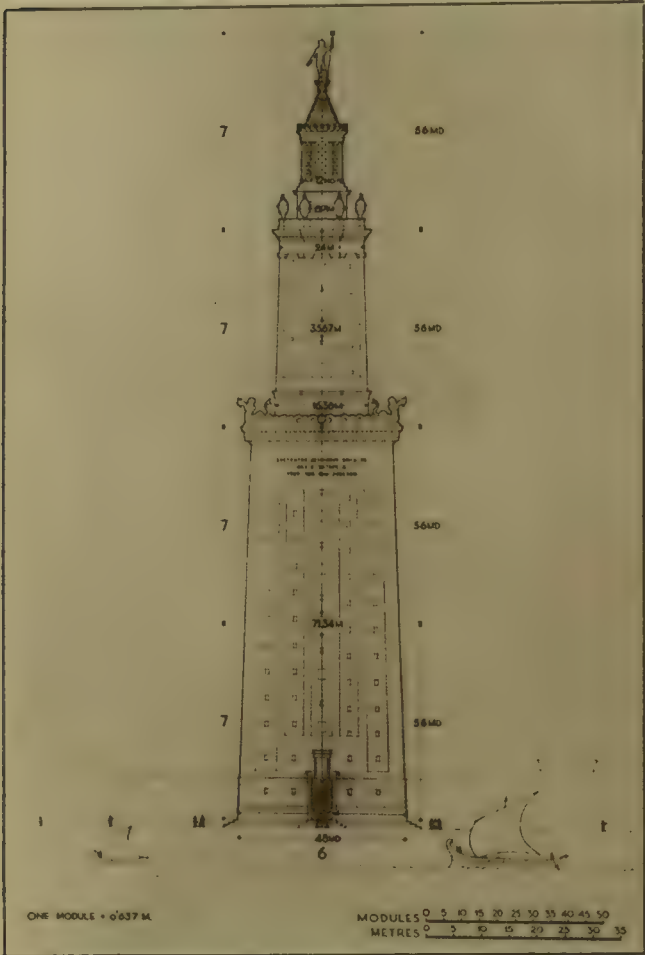
in high relief with swags of flowers and drapery. At the top of the central leg is a diamond-shaped escutcheon charged with the Arms of Wolferston, Co. Staffs (a fess wavy between three wolves' heads erased), and incised on cabochons, occupying similar positions on the two outer legs, the interlaced monogram "E.W."



# THE PHAROS OF ALEXANDRIA— REVELATORY MEASUREMENTS IN A NEWLY DISCOVERED MEDIAEVAL MANUSCRIPT.

The Duke of Alba, on his recent election to the British Academy, presented to that body, as an example of the progress of historical science in Spain, the recent work of two distinguished Spaniards, Don Miguel Asin Palacios and Don Modesto Lopez Otero, on the Pharos of Alexandria. The following article, a summary of two essays, one by each of these writers, is of particular interest, and contains information and theories never previously published. The drawings on this page are by Sr. Otero, who is one of the best known architects in Spain. On the opposite page we publish a bird's-eye view of the Pharos by G. G. Woodward, reconstructed from Sr. Otero's drawings.

HERMANN THIERSCHE published in 1909 a monumental treatise on the Pharos of Alexandria, endeavouring to reconstitute the outline of that marvellous structure, which disappeared in the fourteenth century.



1. A MODULAR RECONSTRUCTION OF THE PHAROS OF ALEXANDRIA; THE MODULE BEING 0.637 METRES: A DRAWING BY SEÑOR OTERO, SHOWING HIS MOST INTERESTING EXPERIMENT, BASED ON THE RELATION BETWEEN THE BASE AND HEIGHT OF THE FIRST SECTION OF THE PHAROS.

To achieve his purpose, he investigated the historical, literary, and graphic documents of the Greek and Latin classical periods, and also the writings of the geographers and travellers of the Middle Ages, notably those due to Arab scholars. But the wealth of material left by mediæval writers tends to embroil the issue, inasmuch as it is frequently of a contradictory nature, and, notwithstanding Thiersche's technical competence and the mass of documentary evidence at his disposal, his theories are unconvincing, partly because they are based on hearsay, and not on an actual inspection of the Pharos by competent and trustworthy observers. Happily, there has been brought to light a document which was unknown to Thiersche and which possesses the qualities of objectiveness and veracity. Its author was Ibn al-Sayj, a Mussulman of Málaga, Spain, who lived from 1132 to 1207 A.D. In 1165 and the following year, Ibn al-Sayj resided permanently at Alexandria, where he devoted himself to literary research and to the study of the local monuments, a task which he undertook with the zeal of a scholar. Equipped with technical qualifications for undertaking architectural surveys, he visited the Pharos and inspected its features from within and without, measuring the inaccessible heights with a metric tape and making careful notes of his observations. On his return to Málaga after the year 1166, these notes were used by him for writing a work in which there appears a detailed description of the Pharos. This description has only lately been discovered.

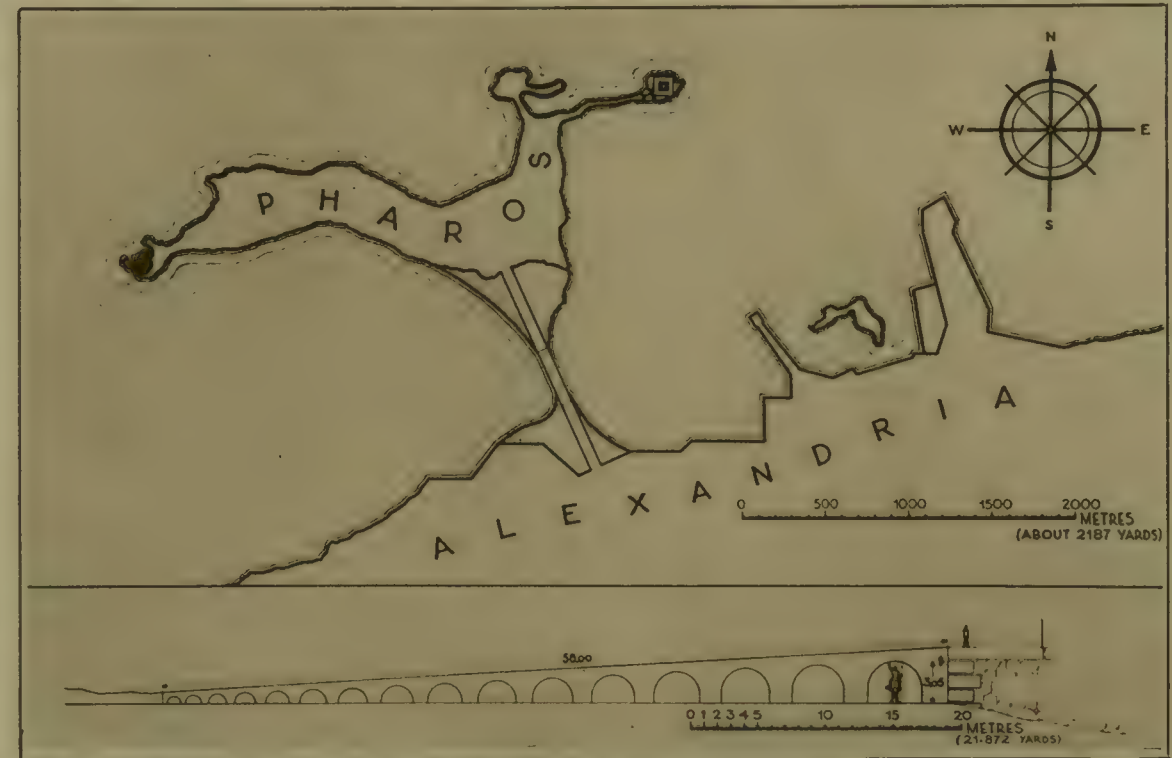
As might be expected, Ibn al-Sayj begins by describing the situation of the structure and the means of access that led to it. The monument stood upon a small island to the north of Alexandria, a little over a mile from the city (Fig. 2). This distance was bridged by an enormous and solid mole, causeway, or reef, grounded upon the bed of the sea. The principal features of this mole were: length, 600 cubits (see below); width, 20 cubits; height above sea-level, 3 cubits. This height was enough to allow pedestrians or horsemen to traverse the mole dry-footed during low tide; at high tide the water reached to

their ankles. Between the end of this mole and the promontory of the island upon which the Pharos was built there was a sloping viaduct, constructed with sixteen arches, like a bridge; its gradient made up for the difference in altitude between the mole and the gateway of the Pharos. This viaduct was 100 paces long. Naturally, the height of the arches varied; the largest—that is, the one nearest to the lighthouse—was so tall that a horseman with his arm outstretched could not touch the soffit when he stood beneath it. Round the square perimeter of the first section of the Pharos there ran a platform, 12 cubits wide, which was really a solid defence against the onslaught of the seas as well as a sure foundation for the whole fabric. Its height above sea-level measured 12 cubits. It was built of calcareous hewn stones, strongly joined together by stout iron clamps and by a filling of molten lead which hermetically sealed the joints.

The Pharos itself consisted of three sections—lower, middle, and uppermost—which were, respectively, square, octagonal, and cylindrical in shape. Each of the four walls of the first section measured 45 paces at the base; the total length of the perimeter was therefore 180 paces. The height of this section, taken from the gallery that crowned its summit to its base, was 31 fathoms. A parapet, one fathom high, encircled the upper gallery or platform. Each of the eight walls of the second section measured 10 paces, or a sum total of 80 paces for the entire perimeter.

The circular perimeter of the third or cylindrical section measured 40 paces, or exactly one half of the contour of the octagon, and its height was 4 fathoms. On the centre of the highest platform there was a small mosque, with four doors, surmounted by a dome. A spiral slope, or staircase, not composed of steps, wound round the axis of the tower, similar to that which yet exists in the Giralda at Seville. The slope was wide enough for two horsemen to meet with ease, and was paved with stone slabs, which at the same time formed the ceiling of the section of the slope immediately underneath. In the interior of the octagonal and cylindrical towers, two stone staircases had been built instead of spiral or corkscrew slopes. In the octagonal tower the staircase consisted of eighteen steps, and inside the cylindrical tower of thirty-two steps. There existed chambers, or recesses in the walls, in the first section, to the total number of fifty.

Unfortunately, no attempt to reconstitute the Pharos can include the minor forms which were a part of the building, such as divisions in the composition, mouldings, hollows, decorations, etc., for—excepting the size of the letters on the Greek legend—nothing is said about them. However, in the year 1165 the monument had already suffered the damage and destruction that denuded the main sections of the tower. The "Third Wonder of the World" was no longer in service as a lighthouse, and the sculptured ornaments that enhanced its beauty had been replaced by arbitrary additions. Notwithstanding the absence of these details, the measurements given are of great importance. They constitute a new version of the general aspect of the Pharos, which may be added to those already in existence, and which is probably more trustworthy than any of them.



2. A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE PHAROS, AT THE NORTH-EAST END OF AN ISLAND AND ABOUT A MILE FROM ALEXANDRIA; WITH THE MOLE THAT CONNECTED THEM; AND (BELOW) A DIAGRAM OF THE VIADUCT JOINING THE MOLE WITH THE ISLAND.

It is impossible to overcome the temptation of attempting anew a reconstruction of the monument, basing it upon these recently discovered measurements; and what we are about to attempt is a new version of Thiersche's theory. We shall submit it to the test of the measurements given by Ibn al-Sayj, unknown to Thiersche, and

more complete, precise, and trustworthy than the material to which he had access. Lastly, to complete the "adventure," and on the plea of irresponsibility, we shall experiment with a certain *modus operandi* or process, praised and occasionally employed by archaeologists, architects, and authors of repute, for the furtherance of their hypothetical reconstructions. I refer to the application of modular and geometrical laws, as a means of establishing a rhythmical composition, founded upon the adoption of a module or chosen lineal unit; the object being that the different components should attain a common proportional relationship either with the module (symmetry) or among themselves (proportion); this being the modular rhythm. If, besides, they are all combined by means of elementary geometrical figures, such as squares, circles, triangles, etc., a geometrical rhythm will have been achieved.

It is not necessary to believe that in ancient times architecture, the whole theory of architecture, was subject to a certain standard; on the other hand, nothing leads us to deny the existence of laws, or rules and principles, which could be handed on and serve as an aid and a guide to composition. It is also as well to warn the reader that we are not endeavouring to seek the module of the Pharos of Alexandria, or to make any other sensational discovery. We are merely attempting to test a *modus operandi* that seems eminently suited to the case before us, in view of the very interesting connection which exists between the fundamental measurements used in his description by Ibn al-Sayj.

We may begin by noting that the major base of the first section (30'60) and half the height ( $\frac{71'80}{2} = 35'65$ ) stand exactly in the relation of 6 to 7. The same relation exists between the minor base of the second section and half its height; and this is repeated as regards the two bases of this same section, and also in the relation that exists between certain other measurements equally connected. We are aware of the importance attached to the numerals six and seven; the first is considered as a perfect number; both are the base and height of the equilateral triangle. Those two fundamental measurements—base and height of the first section—and the relation that exists between them, may be used to draw a modular quadric in which a common divisor has been taken as the module. In Fig. 1 there has first been drawn a modular quadric, on the basis of those measurements; the forms of Thiersche's reconstruction have then been adapted to it. It is sufficient to examine the quadric and the following table, where it is also possible to compare the measurements of Ibn al-Sayj, the number of modules, and the resulting dimensions—

Double height of first Section	Ibn al-Sayj	Reconstruction	Modules
$H \times 2 = 35'65 \times 2 = 71'30$	$2 \times 35'67 (71'34)$	$2 \times 56 \text{ MD}$	
Major base of ditto B <sub>1</sub>	30'60	30'60	48 "
Minor base of ditto b <sub>1</sub>	26'30	26'46	42 "
Major base of second Section B <sub>2</sub>	16'42	16'38	26 "
Minor base of ditto b <sub>2</sub>	14'92	15'12	24 "
Major base of third Section B <sub>3</sub>	8'66	8'91	14 "
Minor base of ditto b <sub>3</sub>	6'56	7'56	12 "

There are evidently small differences—of a few centimetres only—between the measurements that can be accepted as accurate. The greatest difference observed concerns the height of the second section, which is, precisely, the least well defined. The possibility of errors due to the means employed in taking the measurements, and the rendering of their equivalents, should not be left out of account. It is well worth while studying the relations between the figures given for the modules: 12, 14, 24, 28, 48, 56, etc., which define and determine the principal dimensions. There can be no doubt that an evident

harmony exists, together with a magnificent relation between the proportions and a certain beauty in the whole.

1 span	= 0.225 metres	= 8 1/2 in.
1 cubit	= 0.58 "	= 22 1/8 in.
1 pace	= 0.68 "	= 26 1/2 in.
1 fathom	= 2.30 "	= 90 9/16 in.



# THE MYSTERIOUS THIRD WONDER OF THE WORLD: A NEW RECONSTRUCTION.

DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY G. G. WOODWARD FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY DON MODESTO LOPEZ OTERO.



THE PHAROS OF ALEXANDRIA AS IT MAY HAVE APPEARED WHEN COMPLETE: A "BIRD'S-EYE VIEW" DRAWING BASED ON MEASUREMENTS GIVEN IN A NEWLY DISCOVERED MEDIÆVAL MANUSCRIPT.

This reconstruction of the famous Pharos of Alexandria was made for "The Illustrated London News" by G. G. Woodward from geometrical drawings prepared by the celebrated Spanish architect, Don Modesto Lopez Otero. On the opposite page is a summary of two articles, one written by Sr. Otero and the other by Don Miguel Asin Palacios, a distinguished Spaniard, explaining whence came the information on which the new reconstruction of the Pharos has been based, enumerating its salient points and analysing their significance. The material derives from a carefully written narrative by Ibn al-Sayj, a twelfth-century Mussulman of Malaga, who visited Alexandria in 1165 and made notes and measurements *in situ* of the then existing Pharos. These notes have only recently been discovered, and consequently were unknown to Herr Hermann

Thiersche, whose monumental work on the Pharos was published in 1909. In many respects these notes bear out Herr Thiersche's deductions, especially as to the plan and internal arrangements. They differ considerably, however, as to the heights of the various sections. The height given by Ibn al-Sayj amounts to 140.30 metres, as against Thiersche's 120 metres. It will be seen that the enhanced height makes a most graceful outline, probably in accord with Greek proportions. The surrounding building with raised corners had probably disappeared in Ibn al-Sayj's time, and this drawing follows, in that respect, Thiersche's hypothetical suggestions. The Pharos of Alexandria was one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. It was built by the Cnidian Sostratus to the orders of Ptolemy Philadelphus, a Pharaoh of c. 270 B.C.



# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## ROBERT LYNEN IN "LE PETIT ROI."

YOUNG Robert Lynen, the French boy-actor who made his sensational début in "Poil de Carotte," the drama of lonely childhood, has been promoted from the *petite bourgeoisie* to the throne of a Ruritanian kingdom in his second picture, "Le Petit Roi," presented, as was its predecessor, at the Rialto Cinema. Here again the theme is loneliness and the yearning for parental affection, which is denied to the boy until the last reels. M. Julien Duvivier, who "discovered" this remarkable child and directed his first picture, is once more at the helm. For remarkable and, indeed, unique amongst the prodigies of the screen Robert Lynen undoubtedly is—so much his second film establishes. One hesitates to judge the lasting qualities of a child-actor on the strength of his initial effort. "Poil de Carotte" might well have been a flash in the pan. The part of the unhappy youngster, the butt of his mother's thwarted lust for power, too cowed to break through his father's indifference, suited the boy so well: his frail physique, his haunted, wistful face, and sensitive personality responded so admirably to

the little King staggers down the aisle under the weight of a mighty cross (a piece of symbolism in harmony with the general treatment of the boy-King's martyrdom), which opens up a glorious vista of candelabra and columns; and the towering masonry of the gloomy castle stands in fine contrast with the golden gaiety of the Riviera, where the small sovereign sheds his shackles. But through all the Ruritanian glories and tribulations, through the elaborate design of sentiment and spectacle, this slip of a lad remains true to an inspiration that may, if it is not unduly exploited, develop into genius.

## "LIEBELEI."

Arthur Schnitzler's romantic tragedy, "Liebelei," won international fame as a stage play many years ago. It is still included in Continental repertories and was recently revived in Paris by the Pitoëffs. It had already found its way to the screen in silent form before taking on a fresh lease of life in the new talking version now being shown at the Academy Cinema, after scoring a phenomenal success abroad. In Paris it ran for seven consecutive months at the Studio Etoile, and came to London heralded by eulogistic reports. It has not, I think, been overestimated. "Liebelei" is a charming piece of work, sensitively directed by Herr Max Ophüls and perfectly cast. Though the picture presents a conflict closely connected with the military régime of pre-war days, and is set in Imperial Vienna, it catches the spirit of youth, love, and tragedy which is beyond the reach of man-made law and custom.

Its strong indictment of the futility of the duel as a panacea for affronted honour may have lost its full significance, but not its dramatic effect. The story concerns the dawning romance of a young officer and the daughter of a musician employed in the Opera House. The boy, breaking away from a love affair with a married woman, regains his youth, his gaiety, and his confidence in the tender devotion of the girl. Ironically, an echo of empty gossip reaches the husband's ears at this juncture; the military code of honour demands satisfaction, and gets it by the sacrifice of two young lives. The director handles his simple theme with an intimate understanding of its emotional content, finding pictorial value in the settings of the old town, the Opera House, and the snowbound countryside. He makes excellent use of the opera orchestra for his incidental music, and keeps the tension taut all the way through. The company, with Fräulein Magda

Schneider in the rôle of the young girl, is so uniformly good that individual praise becomes superfluous. Here is a picture in which the harmony of pattern and interpretation, a warm undercurrent of humanity and logical development, break down the barriers of speech.

## "THE CONSTANT NYMPH."

It does not often fall to the lot of the film critic to see two pictures of such lyrical, emotional, and pictorial charm as "Liebelei" and "The Constant Nymph" (New Gallery) in one week. Produced on a more ambitious scale, and using a larger canvas than the Viennese picture, the fourth edition—or, rather, the third dramatic edition—of Miss Margaret Kennedy's "best-seller" novel is, in its sensitive and reticent handling of the love-theme, and in its legitimate exploitation of pictorial possibilities, a good pendant to the adaptation of the Schnitzler play. Divergent as they are in subject, the two films are distantly related to each other in the laughter and gaiety that form the prelude to tragedy. The vast public created by Miss Kennedy's book in the first place, thereafter by the play lifted from its pages, and then by the silent screen version, will find in this latest translation of Miss Kennedy's tale of constancy and conflicting temperaments a faithful adherence to the spirit as well as to the story of the book.

Mr. Basil Dean, the inseparable companion of "The Constant Nymph's" peregrinations,

handles his material with a sure touch and a fine sense of scenic as well as of sound values. He throws into high relief the hurly-burly of Albert Sanger's amazing household in the Tyrol, with its boisterous hospitality and genial lack of control, by the clever use of his Alpine backgrounds in their majestic calm. His bold and masterly staging of the Symphony Concert in the Queen's Hall lends additional poignancy to poor little Tessa's exile from the social sphere into which her beloved Lewis Dodd has, to his own undoing, strayed; and the escape of the two kindred souls, their snatched happiness frustrated by Tessa's death, has an urgency, a tenderness, that are genuinely moving. Mr. M. Greenbaum's superb photography helps Mr. Dean to realise a beautiful picture which, in all its aspects, clearly commands his full sympathy. The carefully selected company brings every character to life. Miss Victoria Hopper, chosen for the part of Tessa after prolonged search, seems to have stepped from between the covers of the book. If in the earlier scenes her attack seems a little timorous, she makes up for that by the lovely simplicity and deep feeling of her death-scene. The part of Lewis Dodd is brilliantly portrayed by Mr. Brian Aherne, who succeeds in the difficult task of conveying genius. His wayward, humorous, rebellious composer is finely conceived, and carried out with an assurance wholly devoid of affectation. From every point of view, this picture must be set down as one of the best productions from the Gaumont-British studios.



"LE PETIT ROI," AT THE RIALTO: ROBERT LYNEN AS THE BOY KING WHO DOES NOT KNOW THE FREEDOM OF CHILDHOOD UNTIL HE IS EXILED.

Robert Lynen, it will be remembered, played "Poil de Carotte." The story of "Le Petit Roi" turns round a child king immured with his nurse and his pompous Ministers in a gloomy old castle. In exile on the French Riviera he is reunited to his mother, and, meeting with other children there, discovers the natural joys of childhood before it is too late.



THE FILM OF NOEL COWARD'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING," AT THE PLAZA: FREDRIC MARCH, GARY COOPER, AND MIRIAM HOPKINS IN THE THREE PRINCIPAL PARTS.

"Design for Living" is an Ernst Lubitsch production. It deals with the formation and the vicissitudes of a trio of platonic friends, two men and a girl; its temporary dissolution when Gilda marries an advertising agent; their final reconciliation; and the reconstitution of the "triangle."



THE BRITISH TALKING FILM OF "THE CONSTANT NYMPH," WHICH HAD ITS PREMIÈRE AT THE "NEW GALLERY" ON JANUARY 22: VICTORIA HOPPER AS TESSA.

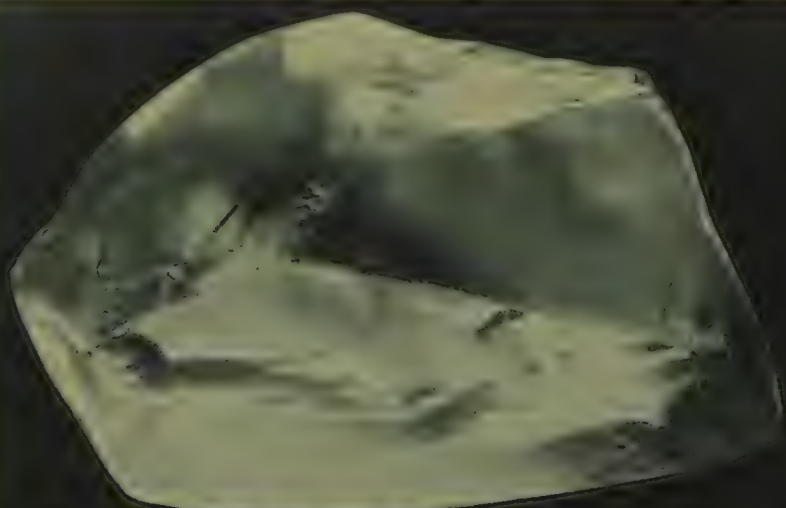
Lewis Dodd is played by Brian Aherne in this film of "The Constant Nymph"; Linda by Mary Clare; and Florence by Leonora Corbett. Athole Stewart is Charles Churchill; Fritz Schulz is Birnbaum; and Jim Gerald is Trigorin.

the demands of the character he portrayed; and even the adult handling of the culminating scene of hysterical terror might possibly have been the outcome of skilful direction. But "Le Petit Roi," a far more spectacular but not nearly so good a picture as "Poil de Carotte," proves that this very youthful star has in him the makings of a fine actor. If he comes near to defeat occasionally, it is his material that is at fault and not the artist in him. His innate sincerity, his uncanny intuition for the right gesture, the right inflection of voice, the true note, sometimes recoil from the obvious artificialities of the "lonely little King" theme. He is fortunately not yet versed in the tricks of screen acting. He does not ape his elders with precocious aptitude. He obviously gets into the skin of the character he portrays and feels the emotions he suggests. If those emotions are thrust upon him arbitrarily and merely for histrionic effect, he is momentarily at sea. "Il a les défauts de ses qualités." Thus in "Le Petit Roi" an episode occurs in which he suddenly displays the uncontrolled temper he is supposed to have inherited from his august but brutal sire. It leads to nothing. It is not touched upon again, nor does it help the story, which is merely that of a small boy wearily playing the part of a royal puppet in an unruly kingdom and longing for a dimly-remembered mother, to whom he is finally reunited in happy exile. Robert Lynen dutifully performs his fit of passion, lashes his faithful attendants with a whip, and doesn't believe in it a bit. Nor do we. But when the fireworks are over, he says, in his limpid French: "Qu'est-ce j'ai fait?" and wrings our hearts with those few simple words. As a production, "Le Petit Roi" is highly ornamental. Its decorations are on a grand scale; its camera-work is ambitious, and often very beautiful. There is a cathedral interior with a strange ceremony in progress, during which



# PRECURSORS OF THE £63,000 JONKER DIAMOND: WORLD-FAMOUS STONES.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" FROM REPLICAS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.



THE CULLINAN DIAMOND (BEFORE CLEAVAGE)  
UNCUT: 3025  $\frac{3}{4}$  CARATS.  
(THE WEIGHT OF THE NEW JONKER DIAMOND IS 726 CARATS, UNCUT)



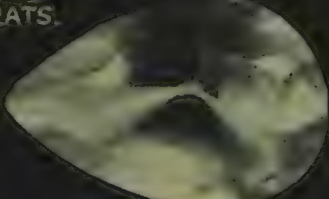
516  $\frac{1}{2}$  CARATS.



309  $\frac{3}{16}$  CARATS.



9  $\frac{3}{16}$  CARATS.



92 CARATS.



11  $\frac{3}{4}$  CARATS.



6  $\frac{5}{8}$  CARATS.



18  $\frac{7}{8}$  CARATS.



62 CARATS.



4  $\frac{9}{32}$  CARATS.

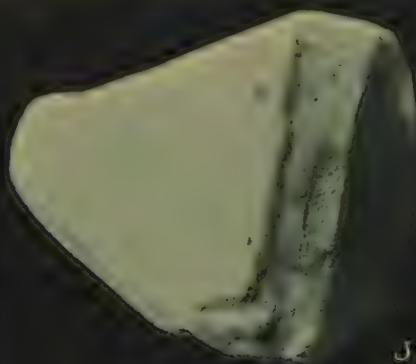
THE 9 LARGEST STONES CUT FROM THE CULLINAN.



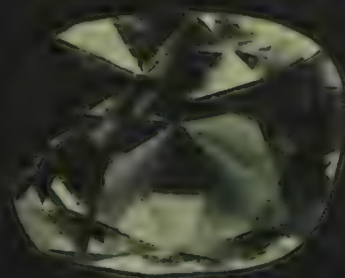
EXCELSIOR  
UNCUT: 969  $\frac{1}{2}$  CARATS.



STAR OF SOUTH AFRICA  
UNCUT: 83  $\frac{1}{2}$  CARATS CUT: 46  $\frac{1}{2}$  CARATS.



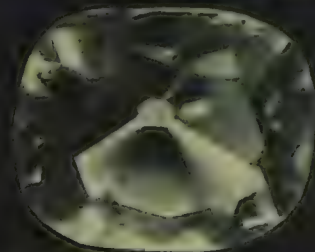
UNCUT: 634 CARATS.



CUT: 239 CARATS.



UNCUT: 254  $\frac{1}{2}$  CARATS.



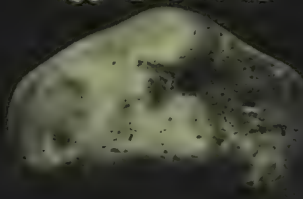
CUT: 125 CARATS.



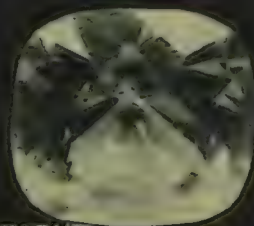
INDIAN CUT  
186  $\frac{1}{16}$  CARATS.



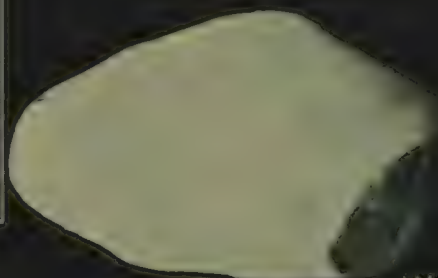
RE-CUT IN ENGLAND  
106  $\frac{1}{16}$  CARATS.



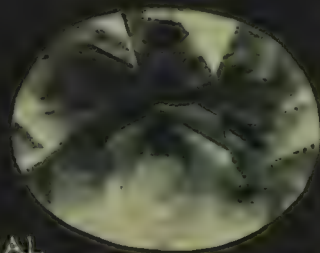
UNCUT: 410 CARATS.



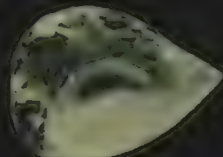
CUT: 136  $\frac{7}{8}$  CARATS.



UNCUT: 457 CARATS.



CUT: 180 CARATS.



UNCUT: 288  $\frac{3}{8}$  CARATS.



STEWART  
CUT: 120 CARATS.

GREAT DIAMONDS—ACTUAL SIZE—AND THEIR WEIGHTS: A GROUP INCLUDING THE BIGGEST OF ALL—THE CULLINAN, WHOSE COMPONENT STONES ARE THE CHIEF GLORY OF THE BRITISH CROWN JEWELS.

The recent discovery in South Africa of an enormous new diamond—the world's fourth largest (after the Cullinan, Excelsior, and Great Mogul)—has intensified public interest in these most famous and romantic jewels. The stone was picked up on January 17, on the claim of Mr. Jacobus Jonker at Elandsfontein, only three miles from the spot in the Premier Diamond Mine where the Cullinan itself, the "ace" of diamonds, was discovered in 1905. The new stone, which is described as "the size of a hen's egg," weighs 726 carats (about 5 oz.), and is called, after its first owner, the "Jonker Diamond." On the day after its discovery, Mr. Jonker took it to Johannesburg, and it was bought by Sir Ernest Oppenheimer for the Diamond Corporation, of which he is Chairman, for £63,000.

Another large diamond, weighing 287 carats, had been found in the same diggings two days earlier, and this was bought by Sir Ernest Oppenheimer for £16,000. For comparison, we have assembled here illustrations of celebrated stones, with their several weights (in English carats) attached. The Excelsior and the Jubilee came from the Jagersfontein Mine, Orange River Colony, in 1893 and 1895 respectively. The Star of South Africa was found in Griqualand West in 1869; the Stewart in the Vaal River diggings in 1872; and the Imperial in Cape Colony in 1884. The Pitt (or Regent), which now belongs to France, was found in India in 1701. The Koh-i-Noor was known in India before 1739, and in 1850 was presented to Queen Victoria. The Star of the South was found in Brazil in 1853.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD:



PRINCE GEORGE EMBARKS FOR SOUTH AFRICA: GOING ABOARD THE "CARNARVON CASTLE"  
AT SOUTHAMPTON, PACKED ON THE GANGWAY BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.  
Prince George left for his South African tour on January 19, embarking at Southampton in the Union Castle Company's 20,000-ton motor-ship, "Carnarvon Castle," bound for the Cape, where she is due on February 5. He travelled to Southampton by air with the Prince of Wales, who accompanied him on board, and afterwards circled in his aeroplane above the ship as she left the docks. After expected visits to many places in South Africa, Prince George is to reach Bulawayo on March 21. On leaving Rhodesia, he intends to travel through the Belgian Congo and Angola to Lobito, where on April 10 he will embark for home in the Union Castle liner "Windor Castle," due at Southampton April 23. In the autumn Prince George is to make another tour, in Australia, and attend the Victoria centenary celebrations, beginning on October 18. On the return voyage he is to visit New Zealand.



PRINCE GEORGE'S BED-ROOM ON BOARD THE "CARNARVON CASTLE," IN WHICH HE IS TRAVELLING TO SOUTH AFRICA: A SPACIOUS ROOM DECORATED IN GEORGIAN STYLE.



THE FIRST OF ITS TYPE BUILT IN THIS COUNTRY: THE NEW VERTICAL LIFT BRIDGE OVER THE TEES AT MIDDLESBROUGH.  
The Duke of York has arranged to open, on February 25, the new bridge over the Tees at Newport, Middlesbrough, in Yorkshire. It has the distinction of being the first vertical lift bridge constructed in this country, and was built by Messrs. Dorman, Long and Co. The structure contains over 600 tons of steel, of which 250 tons are in the lifting span. One of the approach bridges is entirely welded, instead of being riveted in the usual way.



THE UNEMPLOYED MARCHERS FROM THE NORTH: THE GLASGOW CONTINGENT (WHICH WAS HEADED BY MR. MCGOVERN, M.P.) SETTING OUT FOR LONDON.  
Mr. John McGovern, M.P., headed a detachment of about 400 unemployed marchers when they set out from Glasgow for London to take part in the mass conference of unemployed there next month. The Glasgow marchers were joined by fully 300 marchers from Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, and other Northern towns, who had been accommodated overnight in the City Hall. Each contingent carried its distinguishing banner and was headed by a flute band.



THE CHICAGO "SURGERY MURDER" TRIAL: THE ACCUSED, DR. ALICE L. WYNEKOOP (LEFT), WITH HER DAUGHTER, DR. CATHERINE WYNEKOOP, IN COURT.  
Dramatic evidence was given during the trial at Chicago of a well-known woman surgeon, Dr. Alice Lindsay Wynnekoop, aged sixty-two, on a charge of murdering her daughter-in-law, Rheta Wynnekoop (wife of Mr. Earl Wynnekoop) who was found shot dead, on November 22, on the operating table in her mother-in-law's surgery. The first report stated that Dr. Alice Wynnekoop and several other members of the family had been detained for questioning, but were subsequently released. Eventually

EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



A DRAMATIC RESCUE AT SEA PHOTOGRAPHED: A LIFEBOATMAN, WASHED OVERBOARD OFF BRIDLINGTON, BEING HAULED IN BY A LIFE-LINE.  
The recent gales have made the sailor's life a hard one, and the lifeboat has been in constant request. The incident which we are able to illustrate in this graphic photograph occurred when Frank Broadbent, one of the crew of the Bridlington lifeboat, was swept overboard from the lifeboat at the entrance of Bridlington Harbour. Broadbent was able to grasp a life-line, and was dragged back into the boat.



THE "MAJESTIC" IN THE GEORGE V. DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE DOCK HAD BEEN EMPTIED.  
The "Majestic" was to have entered the George V. dock at Southampton on January 18; but the operation was postponed in view of the high wind blowing. It was successfully accomplished on January 19, and the world's largest liner entered the world's largest graving dock. Although the Royal Yacht steamed into the dock at the opening, this was the first time the dock had been used. A full-page illustration will be found on page 125, showing the liner entering the dock.



THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE IRRAWADDY: THE AYA RAILWAY BRIDGE, THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE LONG, RECENTLY OPENED BY THE GOVERNOR OF BURMA.  
The new bridge across the Irrawaddy, about nine miles from Mandalay, was opened earlier in the month by Sir Hugh Stevenson, Governor of Burma. It has ten main spans, nine of which are 360 ft. long and one 260 ft., with six smaller approach spans. The approximate cost was \$1,125,000 and over 10,000 tons of steel were used in it. The bridge was designed by Messrs. Rendel, Palmer and Tritton; and the construction, Messrs. Daulton & Co. (India), limited the work under contract time.



ATTENDING THEIR MOTHER'S TRIAL ON A CHARGE OF MURDER: MR. WALLER WYNEKOOP AND DR. CATHERINE WYNEKOOP, SON AND DAUGHTER OF DR. ALICE WYNEKOOP.  
She was accused of the crime and placed on trial. In taking evidence, an apparition known as a "life-detector" was employed. She was suffering from heart trouble but opposed a suggestion that the trial should therefore be postponed. She stated that she was "utterly exhausted" by the efforts of the police to induce her to confess, and was reported to have added: "I bought my life then with a confession which I now repudiate. I loved Rheta. Why should I kill her?"



AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF A WAREHOUSE AT HULL, IN WHICH SIX MEN WERE BURIED IN THE DEBRIS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE.  
A five-storey grain and seed warehouse beside a wharf in Tower Street, Hull, one of the oldest buildings in the city, suddenly collapsed on January 18, burying six men in the ruins. Ten other men, who were working in the warehouse, near doors and windows, had time to scramble out when they heard a warning creak, and escaped with injuries. Almost immediately the whole structure and its contents crashed, from top to bottom and from end to end.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

"ART IN ENGLAND" AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A COMPELLING enthusiasm tempered by scientific accuracy and fine scholarship is responsible for a display in the Gallery of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum which provides everybody, free, gratis, and for nothing, with a survey of the main currents of art in this country so wide and so just that it is hereby recommended to readers of this page, not only as an æsthetic experience they will have some difficulty in forgetting, but as a sovran remedy for minds befogged and bemused by too many theories and too much advice. The exhibits are varied, and range from the Lindisfarne Gospels of A.D. 700 to Victorian sporting prints; there are some supreme masterpieces, such as drawings by Turner and Holbein, and many examples of the work of men scarcely known beyond specialist circles; but all, whether by a genius or a humble typographical craftsman, are shown in such a way and in such company as to bring home to the visitor both the splendour of our native art and the source of its traditions.

It is a commonplace to write that Thomas Gainsborough, native prodigy though he was, learnt much from the Dutch landscape painter Wynants and more from Van Dyck: it will be a new and profoundly interesting experience to many to see Van Dyck and Gainsborough landscape drawings side by side, and compare them with Constable, Turner, and Girtin, and realise that the elegant Flemish courtier was not merely the creator of a striking type of English nobleman, with features, and especially hands, more refined than life, but the precursor of what we rightly consider one of the special glories of English Art—the water-colour school of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

A great show such as that at Burlington House gives us the English achievement divorced from its beginnings: it is the particular value of the British Museum Exhibition to supplement this omission and

enable us to get our bearings, both historical and artistic. Were I a pedagogue, I should send my infants round the room at the Academy, and then proceed to clarify their minds in the more remote and astringent air of Bloomsbury—and after I had lectured them times out of number upon the purely æsthetic aspect of this show, I would, I think, turn them over to my history man, who would find material for another dozen talks in such a print as "Large Bird's-Eye View of London from Bankside, 1647," by Wenceslas Hollar—as notable a production *qua* print as *qua* geography; the woodcut of "The Ark Royal," Lord Howard of Effingham's flag-ship against the Spanish Armada; or Ryther's "Description of the Spanish Expedition against England," engraved after the original water-colour designs belonging to the Hon. J. J. Astor, at Hever Castle. (My only regret from this point of view is that there are no drawings of ships and the sea by Van de Velde.)

Holbein is seen to be an isolated and extraordinary phenomenon, founding no real school, and influencing only the Elizabethan miniaturists. As an inspiration of later work, Van Dyck is far more important, both as regards his landscapes (unbelievably modern to the casual eye) and his figures: Lely is Van Dyck diluted, Gainsborough, Van Dyck raised to new heights. Less subtle, more wholly native if you like, is Hogarth, represented by some superb drawings; and his mantle descended upon Rowlandson, whom some people still call a caricaturist pure and simple, but who surely deserves inclusion also in a not less exalted category—that of a great draughtsman, both in landscape and portrait. For sensitiveness and quality, Fig. 1, a drawing of George Morland standing in front of a fireplace in a green coat, made "about 1787, when Morland was living in considerable style at a handsome new house, the corner of Warren's Place, Hampstead," is as good a Rowlandson as it is possible to find.

Particular reference must be made to the series of drawings by John White, as early as 1585-87, illustrating Raleigh's Colony of Virginia—i.e., what is now known as North Carolina. White returned in 1586, and went out again in 1587 as Governor of the "Second Colonie." He had to return home almost immediately for instructions, "leaving his

daughter, who had become the mother of the first English child to be born in English North America, Virginia Dare. After one unsuccessful attempt at relieving the colony in 1588, White eventually sailed



1. ROWLANDSON AS THE FINE AND SENSITIVE DRAUGHTSMAN: HIS DELIGHTFUL DRAWING OF GEORGE MORLAND, MADE ABOUT 1787—TO BE SEEN AT THE SPECIAL EXHIBITION IN THE GALLERY OF PRINTS AND DRAWINGS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM. Reproductions by Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum. Copyright Reserved.

with an expedition in 1598, which, however, on arrival, could find no trace of the settlement."

The illuminated manuscripts are, of course, superb, and perhaps a very wide public will now begin to realise how rich and various are the national collections. In this exhibition, one sees them next to sporting prints and similar frivolities, and begins to understand that the mediæval artist who embellished the Bedford Hours with jolly little animals would have been equally at home following hounds with Rowlandson or Henry Alken. There are several centuries in between, and the one was working for an all-powerful Church, and the others for not particularly pious fox-hunters, but they would surely have found themselves speaking the same language.

William Blake, poet and mystic, is represented by several drawings, somewhat to the disgust of an old gentleman next to me, who marched off muttering "Crazy lunatic!" Blake is not to everyone's taste, and appears to inspire either fanatic devotion or dislike—and, indeed, he is so gifted and so powerful that it is difficult, if not impious, to write about him with the cold detachment of the ideal critic. Perhaps I shall offend neither side by suggesting that he is no less sincere, and considerably more able, than the majority of the mediæval illuminators whose spirit in part he inherited; and that, whereas a Holbein is an isolated genius who might have been produced by almost any country in Europe, a Blake could only appear in England—the England of green pastures and Miltonic imagination.

The descent from sublime extravagance to faithful but not unamusing typographical recording is illustrated well enough in Fig. 2, by Thomas Johnson, who worked about 1651-85, showing the Baths at Bath as they appeared in 1672.



2. A DRAWING OF GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST EXHIBITED AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: THE "BATHS" AT BATH, AS PEPYS SAW THEM AND FOUND THEM "NOT SO LARGE AS I EXPECTED, BUT YET PLEASANT"—RECORDED IN INK AND WASH BY THOMAS JOHNSON, IN 1672.

A little key at the top of the print informs us that the "King's Bath" is seen on the right and the "Queen's Bath" on the left. In the middle of the "King's Bath" is seen "the cross." The small building rising above the Queen's Bath, at the back, is called "the dry pump"; having beneath it, apparently at water-level, "the Parlor."



## NATURE AND ART: HOME NEWS OF THE WEEK.



A "ROTTEN ROW" AT THE SEASIDE:  
THE ILEX OAK AVENUE IN THE  
GORING HALL ESTATE, WORTHING.

The town of Worthing, Sussex, has recently acquired a substantial portion of Goring Hall Estate, and is to use it for a great town-planning scheme. A town of shops near Goring Station, with twenty-seven miles of new roads and a capacity of over 4000 houses, is to be built at an approximate cost of £6,000,000. The estate includes this beautiful ilex oak avenue, which runs across it from east to west, and will be put to the exclusive use of pedestrians and riders.

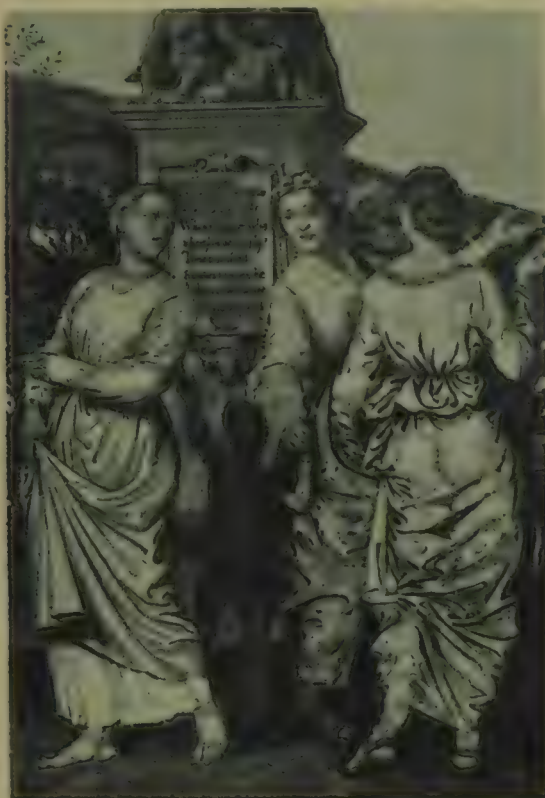


A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE VILLAGE TO BE PRESERVED FOR THE NATION:  
WEST WYCOMBE—THE PICTURESQUE MAIN STREET.

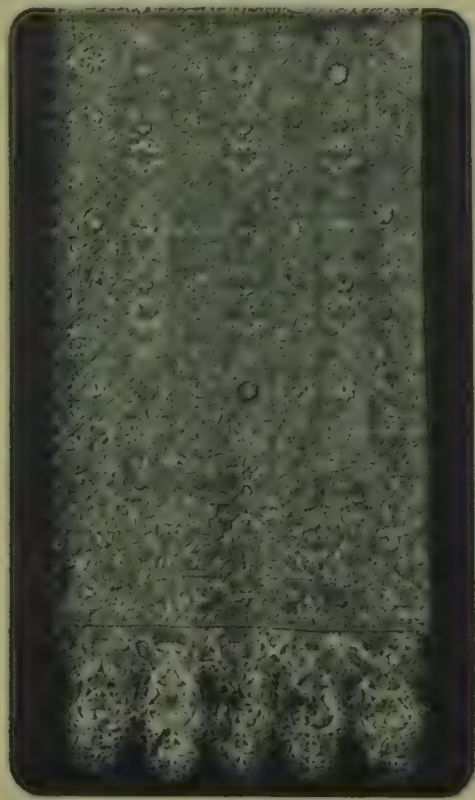
West Wycombe is to be handed over to the National Trust. The village was purchased by the Royal Society of Arts from Sir John Dashwood, Bt., the Lord of the Manor, in 1929, for preservation as a typical English village; and has been reconditioned. Most of the houses date from the 15th to the 18th centuries. The village had been threatened by the spread of High Wycombe.



THE WINNING DESIGN IN THE ROME SCHOLARSHIP IN SCULPTURE FOR 1934—BY MR. T. B. HUXLEY JONES: THE FIGURE FOR "A FOUNTAIN FOR A GARDEN"; WITH A SKETCH MODEL OF THE WHOLE DESIGN.



THE ROME SCHOLARSHIP IN MURAL PAINTING FOR 1934: THE WINNING DETAIL; BY MR. BRIAN D. L. THOMAS.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A SILK SCARF, PERHAPS WORN BY CHARLES I. AT EDGEHILL. Tradition says that this scarf was worn by Charles I. at the battle of Edgehill in 1642, and was given by him after the battle to Mr. Adam Hill, of Spaldwick, who rallied his troop of horse and saved the life of the King. It is nearly nine feet long, of a fine purple silk, and heavily embroidered with coloured silks.



WINNER OF THE ROME SCHOLARSHIP IN SCULPTURE, 1934:  
MR. T. B. HUXLEY JONES.

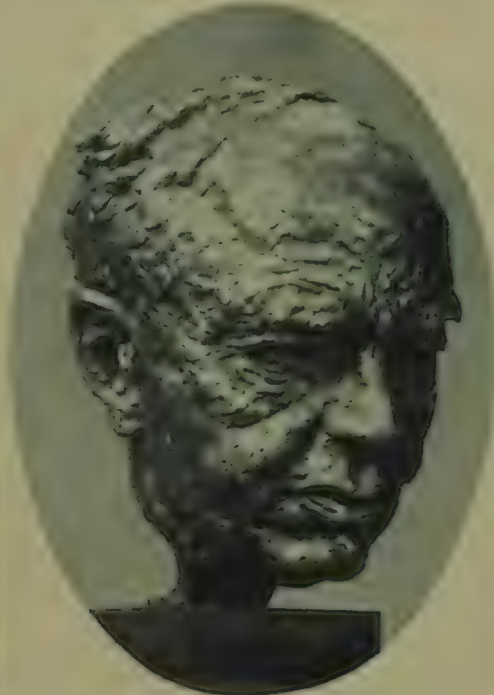


WINNER OF THE ROME SCHOLARSHIP IN MURAL PAINTING, 1934:  
MR. BRIAN D. L. THOMAS.



THE WINNING "SCHEME FOR THE DECORATION OF A MUSIC ROOM" IN THE ROME SCHOLARSHIP IN MURAL PAINTING: THE WORK OF MR. BRIAN D. L. THOMAS.

In the Rome Scholarship in Sculpture for 1934 the subject of the competition was a Fountain for a Garden, embodying a bronze standing figure three feet six inches high. Candidates were required to submit a full-size plaster model of the figure. The Scholarship was won by Mr. T. B. Huxley Jones, aged twenty-five, of the Wolverhampton School of Art and the Royal College of Art. In the Rome Scholarship in Mural Painting the compulsory subject was a Scheme for the Decoration of a Music Room; and the winner there was Mr. Brian D. L. Thomas, aged twenty-one, of the Byam Shaw School of Drawing and Painting.



LORD BEAVERBROOK; BY JACOB EPSTEIN:  
THE FAMOUS SCULPTOR'S LATEST BUST.

Mr. Epstein has followed his bust of Professor Einstein (illustrated in our last issue, and bought for exhibition in the Tate Gallery) with a portrait bust of Lord Beaverbrook. It was completed in eight sittings while the sitter worked. The sculptor is said to have remarked on the unusual breadth and height of the head above the eyes.



## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE:

(Right)

COLONEL

T. H. BANKS.

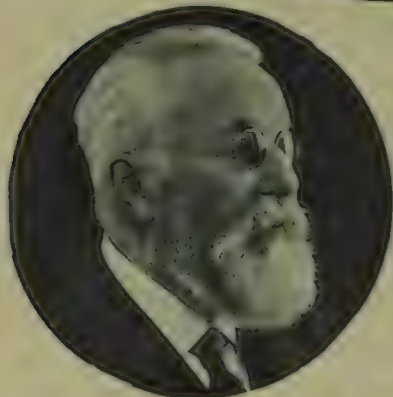
Appointed Director-General of the Post Office. Has served as secretary to successive Postmasters-General. Deputy-Controller of the Savings Bank, 1924; Controller, 1930. During the war he rose from trooper in the Sharpshooters' Yeomanry to Colonel. He is forty-two.



(Left.)

M. OTOCAR SEVCIK.

The world-famous teacher of the violin. Died January 18; aged eighty-one. Concert Director at the Mozarteum, Salzburg, at eighteen; and of the Opera Comique, Vienna, at twenty-one. His pupils included Kubelik, Daisy Kennedy, Geza Kress, and Adolf Wilhelm.



THE DEATH OF LORD HALIFAX: THE LATE VISCOUNT WITH HIS HEIR, LORD IRWIN.

The second Viscount Halifax died on January 19; aged ninety-four. He was a great Churchman and was President of the English Church Union, now, by his initiative, amalgamated with the Anglo-Catholic Congress as the Church Union; and he was a recognised leader of the High Church party. On two occasions (in 1894, and at Malines in 1921) he conducted negotiations in the hope of the eventual Reunion with Rome.

## EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.

(Left.)

MR. JOE DEVLIN, M.P.

The Irish Nationalist politician. Died Jan. 18; aged sixty-one. M.P. for Kilkenny, 1902-6; W. Belfast, 1906-18; Falls Division (Belfast), 1918-22; West Belfast, Northern Parliament, 1925-29; Central Belfast, Fermanagh and Tyrone since 1929.



(Right.)

MR. HARRISON FISHER.

Mr. Harrison Fisher, the well-known American portrait-painter and magazine illustrator, originator of the "Harrison Fisher Girl" type, died in New York on January 19; aged fifty-seven. The popularity of the "Harrison Fisher Girls" rivalled that of the "Dana Gibson Girls."



A LEADING ITALIAN STATESMAN PAYS A FRIENDLY VISIT TO AUSTRIA: SIGNOR SUVICH WITH DR. DOLLFUSS.

Signor Suvich, the Italian Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, visited Vienna on January 18. He was welcomed by Dr. Dollfuss and the principal State officials. Nazis outside the railway station made demonstrations. Later, Nazis succeeded in interrupting the supply of electricity to Signor Suvich's hotel. It was semi-officially stated that he and Dr. Dollfuss had discussed Signor Mussolini's plans for the consolidation of Central Europe.



THE BULGARIANS ACQUITTED IN THE REICHSTAG FIRE TRIAL UNDER "PROTECTIVE ARREST" AFTER THE TRIAL: MM. DIMITROFF, POPOFF, AND TANEFF (L. TO R.).

Though representatives of the foreign Press were given an opportunity to see Herr Torgler, the former Communist Parliamentary leader, at the headquarters of the Secret Police in Berlin, there was still (at the time of writing) no news of the three Bulgarians, who, like him, were acquitted in the Reichstag Fire Trial. They were still, presumably, under "protective arrest." Dr. Sack, Torgler's counsel, caused some surprise by asserting that Torgler's life was in danger from Communists.



THE TRIAL OF PROFESSOR ALOIS HAUSER ON A CHARGE OF CERTIFICATING FORGED PICTURES: THE ACCUSED (STANDING; RIGHT), WHO WAS ACQUITTED, IN COURT.

On the ground that his morphomania rendered him not fully responsible for his actions, Professor Hauser, the Berlin art expert, was acquitted, on January 20, on charges of fraud and falsifying documents. Five years ago the Professor was asked to resign his position at the State Museum because, it was alleged, he had given certificates of genuineness in respect of worthless paintings which did not faintly resemble the pictures they were supposed to be.



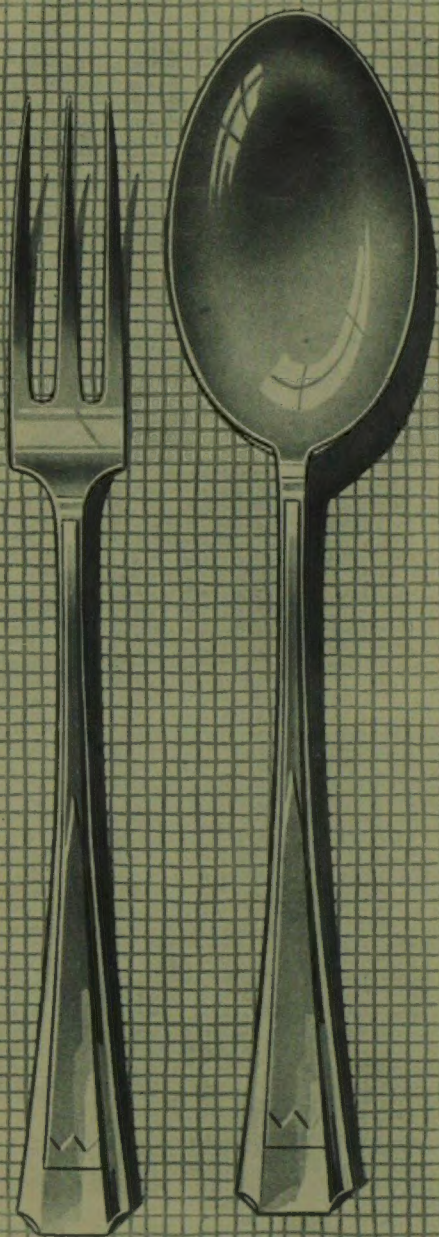
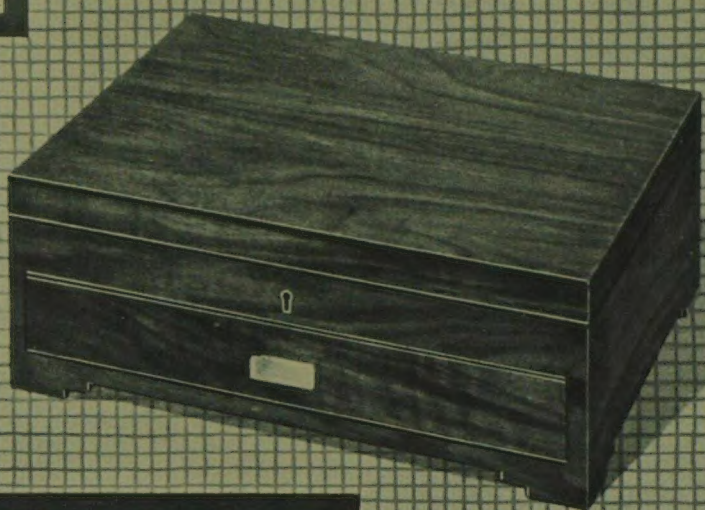
THE ANNUAL VISIT PAID BY THE BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA TO ENGLAND: DR. FURTWÄNGLER CONDUCTING AT A REHEARSAL.

The first of the seven concerts of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra's tour in this country was given at Queen's Hall on January 22 before an audience which filled every seat. Dr. Furtwängler, the orchestra's conductor, and the most eminent conductor in Germany, was most cordially received. The programme contained three works; Bach's Suite in B minor; Schumann's Symphony in D minor; and Beethoven's seventh symphony. The concert was broadcast.





BY APPOINTMENT



## THE "PINE" PATTERN

POLISHED WALNUT CABINET FITTED WITH STERLING SILVER (NOT HAND-WROUGHT) "PINE" PATTERN SPOONS AND FORKS, AND XYLONITE-HANDLED CUTLERY WITH RUSTLESS STEEL BLADES.

12 Table Spoons ..	£5 5 6
12 Table Forks ..	£5 5 6
12 Dessert Spoons ..	£3 16 0
12 Dessert Forks ..	£3 16 0
12 Tea Spoons ..	£1 18 6
2 Sauce Ladles ..	14 6
12 Table Knives ..	£1 13 6
12 Cheese Knives ..	£1 10 0
1 Pair Meat Carvers ..	12 6
1 Pair Game Carvers ..	12 6
1 Steel ..	3 0
Cabinet ..	£5 2 6

Complete £30 10 0

### EXTRA PIECES

6 Egg Spoons ..	£1 1 0
1 Pair Sugar Tongs ..	7 9
1 Butter Knife ..	6 6

An illustrated Catalogue of Canteens of Spoons, Forks and Cutlery, gladly sent upon request.

**The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY · LTD**

**112 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1**

AT THE CORNER OF GLASSHOUSE STREET—NO OTHER ADDRESS

**Madame, pay your figure the supreme compliment of a belt by**

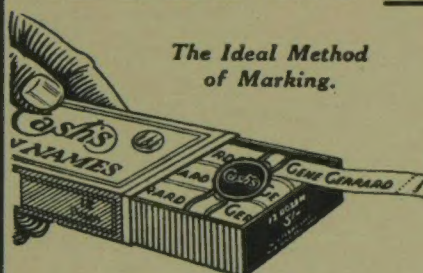


**J. Roussel**  
CORSETIÈRE OF PARIS  
and have the modern line which only his marvellous belts can give you.

Are your proportions perfect? Read how to correct faults of line. Corsets? Elastic Belts? Corsets? Exercises? Call or send for the "Roussel Review" with Catalogue No. 23.

**177 Regent St., & 74 New Bond St., London, W.1**  
6 King St., Manchester. 6 Midland Arcade, Birmingham. 166 Bd. Haussmann, Paris.

## SAFETY FIRST! PUT YOUR NAME ON YOUR LINEN



The Ideal Method of Marking.

It is the only sure way of lessening the risk of loss to mark every article with Cash's names. They are dainty, easy to fix and, of course, guaranteed washproof. Adopt this ideal method of marking to-day and save your linen. There are many styles from which to choose. Send for copy of "Safety First with Cash's Names," which gives them all.

FROM ALL DRAPERS.

12 doz. 5/- 6 doz. 3/9 3 doz. 2/9  
(It is most economical to order 12 dozen.)

Orders for marking school outfits should be placed early owing to the increased demand during the holidays.  
Free copy of "Safety First with Cash's Names" from

**J. & J. CASH Ltd.**  
(Dept. N.C.4), COVENTRY.

**Cash's NAMES**

**A New Year's Resolution!**  
"I will Help a Little Child to Happiness"



**WILL YOU SEND 2/6 TO HELP OUR FOOD FUND to the Secretary (E 1)**

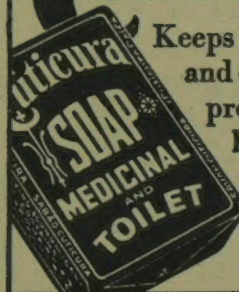
**4,550 CHILDREN IN OUR CARE**

**WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY**

KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.11

**37,000 CHILDREN RESCUED**

## Cuticura Soap



Keeps your skin at its best always. Pure and containing the medicinal and antiseptic properties of Cuticura it soothes and heals as well as cleanses the skin. For regular daily toilet use in the home there is nothing better.

Price 1s. Sold at all chemists.

## SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

**THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1**



## NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

## ALGIERS AS A WINTER RESORT.

If it could be reached by rail, there is little doubt that Algiers would rival the Riviera as a winter centre. It has a climate which is warm, dry, sunny, and very equable. For those who do not mind a short sea journey, by the comfortable steamers of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, from Marseilles, which connect with the trans-Continental trains, or a long one by vessels of the Royal Nederland, Rotterdam Lloyd, or P. and O. lines, Algiers is a very attractive proposition for a winter holiday. The city itself, chief port and political capital of Algeria, has a fine situation on a bay half-encircled by hills. First impressions of it, from the sea, are that it has far more of a European than an African aspect, with its fine buildings along the water-front; and this is confirmed when you land and discover splendid boulevards, regular and often arcaded streets. But there is another side to Algiers—one of quaint old houses, of Arab and Turkish type, and winding streets, with bazaars.

Up by the old fortress of Casbah, nearly four hundred feet above the sea, where once lived the dreaded Deys of Algiers, you will see a curiously heaped-up pile of Moorish

houses and tiny mosques, bordering narrow streets, in a medley that is highly picturesque. You can spend the day in Algiers in a world remote from aught that savours of Europe, and return to your hotel at night to all the refinements of civilisation; and if you tire of exploring the mysteries of North African bazaars and of studying the varying scenes of native life and character, you will find opportunities

for golf, tennis, and polo, sea-bathing and sailing, or, by way of a complete change, winter sports—up in the mountains of the Blida Atlas, on the slopes of the peak of Chrea, well under fifty miles from Algiers!

Apart from attractions of its own, Algiers is a splendid touring centre. It is the headquarters of a railway system which embraces not only the whole of Algeria, but which extends to Tunisia and Morocco, and which enables the visitor to journey eastwards along the coast to Tunis, with its ruins of the once mighty Carthage, and Gabes—even on, through Italian territory, to Tripoli; or westwards to Oran, and inland to Fez, the picturesque capital of Morocco. Further on it leads to Tangier, and Rabat, Casablanca, Mazagan and Mogador; or, turning inland again, Marrakesh.

Then you can also go by rail inland, to the region of the great Sahara, and visit Biskra and its charming oasis, Touggourt, with its vaulted alley-ways, on the edge of the sea of sand-dunes known as the Souf; on to El Golea, where you will find orange and lemon trees, roses and violets; or, farther south still, to In-Salah, not far from the route across the Hoggar, the land of blue-veiled warriors. Then, proceeding by Sali and Adrar to Timimoun, with its palms and huts of a Soudanese type, on the edge of the desert, to Beni-Abbas, Taghit, Colomb, and Figuig, on the Morocco border, you may return to Algiers by way of Tlemucen, with its wonderful mosques and battlements.



IN THE MARKET OF BOU SAADA: NATIVE COBBLERS MENDING SHOES WITH PIECES OF OLD MOTOR-TYRES.

Photograph by Chas. E. Brown.



## A Bungalow to any Size from Stock.

Can be removed or enlarged as required. Catalogue 983 gives 30 plans, photographs and descriptions. (Prices from £40.) Write for a copy to-day.

BOULTON & PAUL, LTD., NORWICH. See Section of Bungalow in London Showrooms: 139, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.



MATURED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

**"LONG JOHN"**

FINEST OF  
SCOTCH WHISKIES

LONG JOHN DISTILLERIES, LTD.  
GLASGOW & LONDON

## A Beautiful Skin &amp; Soft White Hands

Winter, with its cold, wet winds, frost and sleet, takes heavy toll of face and hands that are not protected by Larola. Throughout the world and for many years the famous skin lotion, Larola, has rendered countless faces and hands immune from all roughness, redness and irritation. A few drops applied regularly keep the hands free from chaps and beautifully soft and white, and the complexion radiantly clear.



BEETHAM'S

**Larola**

1/6 and 2/6 a bottle.

BEETHAM'S GLYCERINE and CUCUMBER, world-renowned for its beneficial effects on the skin, 1/-, 1/9 and 2/6 a bottle.

From all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from—

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

Write for a copy of the interesting and informative Larola Booklet, "The Cult of Beauty," sent free.



## ESTORIL Where Winter is Unknown

Winter, with its chilly fogs and rains, simply doesn't exist at Estoril, the sunniest, smartest spot on all Portugal's lovely coast.

The days are longer there than anywhere else in Europe. What a winter holiday you will have! Golfing, tennis, theatres, cinemas, a fine casino . . . and Lisbon only 25 minutes away. A complete thermal establishment, too, if you want to follow a cure under perfect climatic conditions.

For information and literature apply to Estoril-Propagande, Casa du Portugal, 20, Regent Street, London; or 7, Rue Scribe, Paris; or write to Sociedad de Propaganda da Costa do Sol, Estoril, Portugal.



Drawings and Estimates submitted free by  
**SYDNEY R. PIRIE & CO.**  
By Appointment Agents to:  
His Highness The Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir  
**Architectural Metalworkers, Interior Decorators**  
48, CONDUIT ST., BOND STREET W.1. Regent 7514.  
Garden Gates from £5 upwards. Lift enclosures,  
Balustrades, Grills, etc




Illustration of Wrought Iron Gates Executed by us.

**YOUR CISTERN  
IN THE ROOF**  
supplied by BAILEY'S 'CALIBAN'  
RAM. Worked by falls of water as  
low as 3 feet given by running brooks.  
No running costs or attention.  
**SIR W. H. BAILEY & Co., Ltd.**  
Salford 5, Lancs.



**JOHN PEELE TWEEDS**  
for warmth and comfort  
Woven from pure wool of the hardy  
little Cumberland sheep bred on the  
hills of the "John Pee" country.  
Hard wearing, weather resisting, for  
sports and country wear.  
Full suit length 35/9, or 10/6 per yard.  
56 in. wide. Write for patterns.  
Sole suppliers:  
**S. REDMAYNE & Sons, Ltd.,** No. 21 Wigton, Cumberland.



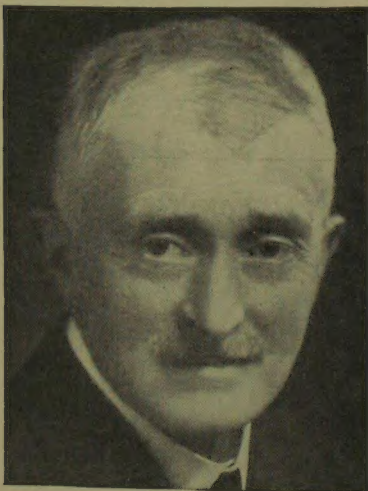
**Test for 1 Month**  
and you will be absolutely convinced  
that the **VIBAPHONE**  
is the best test of all appliances  
for the relief of  
**DEAFNESS**  
So revolutionary is the principle of  
the Vibraphone that it has gone from  
success to success in every country of  
the world. Quite safe, non-electrical,  
practically invisible (see picture—  
which has had its "contrasts" in-  
creased for the sake of clarity of illus-  
tration). No batteries or wires, or any  
other attachments. Used by profes-  
sional men. Write, phone, or call for  
Booklet and details of Trial Offer.  
Consultations 9-6.  
**VIBAPHONE CO., 22, Triumph House,**  
189, Regent St., London, W.1. Phone: Regent 5630



**BENGER'S  
Food**  
The ideal extra  
nourishment in  
advancing  
years.



**NERVES**  
If you suffer from neurasthenia, insomnia,  
irritability, or any other nervous trouble,  
however grave, **YOU CAN BE CURED.**  
Write to FANYAU Laboratories, Lille  
(France), for booklet which will give you  
most excellent advice on the treatment and  
relief of these maladies, or to the English  
Agent: J. BOULTON, Chemist, Folkestone



**Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD**

The Famous Poet Laureate writes:—

"Cancer is one of the most terrible  
enemies life has. The men and women  
who are fighting cancer are the soldiers  
most worthy of support now in the  
world. Help them to find the cause  
of the curse and a means of destroying  
it. At least help them to help those  
suffering from it."

Broadly speaking, the prospects of successful  
treatment of a patient in The Cancer Hospital  
(free) to-day are greater than ever before, espe-  
cially when the disease is diagnosed in good time.  
Owing to the enormous advances made during  
the last few years in Radium and X-Ray  
Therapy, it is not too much to say there are now  
few cases of Cancer that cannot be relieved.

**The Cancer Hospital**  
(FREE)  
FULHAM ROAD - LONDON, S.W. 3.



**Breathing Passages Clear  
Infection Overcome  
Your Cold must disappear**

WHILST the breathing passages are choked  
with mucus the respiratory system cannot  
function properly. If the infection is not dealt  
with, the real cause of the cold is left unattacked.

"Vapex" succeeds because it deals with both  
these problems at the same time.

The simple act of breathing the "Vapex" vapour  
from your handkerchief —

Opens a way through the mucus-laden  
passages of nose and throat.

Carries an active germicide into direct con-  
tact with the infected area. (Every cold is  
an infection and, therefore, dangerous.)

You can definitely feel the first part of the  
"Vapex" activity—the stuffiness and congestion  
are rapidly relieved, the head clears, breathing  
becomes easier. And all the time the germicidal  
vapour is fighting the hidden infection which  
is the real cause of the trouble.

Always keep "Vapex" in the house so that  
you can use it at the first sign of a cold—that  
"stuffiness" which means that the germs are  
multiplying. Delay is dangerous. Use "Vapex"  
and Breathe.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/-.

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V105

**CONTINENTAL HOTELS.**

**FRANCE**

**Hieres.—The Golf Hotel.**—On its famous links  
(18 holes). Tennis and Croquet. Inclusive rates  
from Frs. 65. C. Borgo, Manager

**NICE**

**Terminus Hotel.** Facing Station—Full South.  
Quite up-to-date.

**CANNES**

**Hotel des Anglais.**—Highest class residential  
hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means  
staying at the Anglais."

**Hotel Beau Site.**—300 rooms with bath. 6  
private tennis courts free. Beautiful grounds.  
Pullman Car to Golf and Casino.

**Hotel du Parc.**—Finest situation in large  
park facing sea. Patronised by best British  
society.

**Hotel Suisse.**—Family Hotel. Comfortable.  
Garden leading to Croisette. Terms from  
Frs. 50.

**MENTON**

**Orient Hotel.**—A most luxurious hotel at reason-  
able rates. 200 rooms. 100 baths. Arrangements  
from Frs. 55. Prop.: L. Brunetti.

**Royal & Westminster Hotel.** On sea front. Full  
South. 100 yards from new Casino. Terms from  
5 guineas weekly.

**Hotel de Venise.** Leading in quality and  
comfort. Central. Sunny. In own park. From  
Frs. 50.

**Winter Palace.** High class  
though inexpensive.

**MONTE CARLO**

**Cap d'Ail (nr. Monte Carlo).—Eden Hotel.**—200  
rooms. On sea. 15 acres park. Tennis. Own beach.  
Free bus to Monte Carlo. Pens. 65 Frs. No taxes.

**Royal Hotel.**—All comforts. Full South; garden  
overlooking sea. Renowned cuisine. Pension from  
Frs. 60. A. Cretaz, Man. Prop.

**Hotel Terminus Palace.** Opp. Casino Gardens.  
Beach. First-class Pension from Frs. 50. With  
Bath, Frs. 60. Suite, Frs. 75.

**GENEVA**

**The Beau-Rivage.** Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt.  
Blanc. All mod. conf. Splen. Ter. with Open-air  
Rstnt. All frmr. prices redcd. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 7.

**ITALY**

**Rome.—Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs.**—Near Pincio  
Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort.  
Very special reduced rates.

**SICILY**

**Palermo.—Villa Igla.**—On the sea front. Large  
park. Golf links. Tennis. Orchestra. Pension  
from 75 Lire.


**Taormina.—San Domenico Palace.** Alone of  
its kind.—Former Dominican Monastery of the  
14th Century. Pension from 75 Lire.

Newest First-class Hotel  
**NICE**  
BD. VICTOR-HUGO.  
Central Situation.  
Close to Sea and Casinos.  
**200 ROOMS.**  
OWN GARAGE. MODERATE TERMS  
Annexe: HOTEL DU RHIN.  
Rooms without meals.

**GRANT'S  
MORELLA  
CHERRY BRANDY**  
Welcome Always  
Keep it Handy  
The Ideal Liqueur  
for Entertaining  
Little Lady Liqueur recommends this  
precaution—"Always ask your Wine  
Merchant for GRANT'S Liqueurs."



**BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN!**  
Increased my own height to 6ft. 3 1/2 ins.  
**ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS.**  
Fee £2 2s. Particulars (mailed privately)  
2 1/4d. stamp, **S. K. MALCOLM ROSS,**  
Height Specialist, Scarborough,  
England, (P.O. Box 15)



When in Canada  
Smoke a **FRESH** cigarette  
**British Consols**  
MILD, SWEET, OLD VIRGINIA  
Made **FRESH**—Kept **FRESH**  
SEALED IN MOISTUREPROOF CELLOPHANE  
MACDONALD'S CIGARETTES & TOBACCO, MONTREAL, CANADA





**BRITANNIA and EVE**

FEBRUARY 1934

1/6

HANNEN SWAFFER

LADY TROUBRIDGE

JAMES F. DWYER

PHILIP PAGE

FERDINAND TUOHY

OLD TALES RE-TOLD  
by F. MATANIA, R.I.

L'ESTRANGE FAWCETT

G.B. LANCASTER

COMPLETE HOME and FASHION SECTION

*On a cold Mid-Winter's Night  
there's nothing to beat the Stories in*

# BRITANNIA AND EVE

THE NEW STYLE MAGAZINE—FEB. ISSUE ON SALE FEB. ONE

FLASHBACKS OF HISTORY.  
No. 2.—IRELAND AND A BREW OF TROUBLE.

"TEMPTATION": *by Lady Troubridge.*

THE FIELDS OF DEATH: *by Ferdinand Tuohy.*

DON'T CALL IT LOVE: *by Margaret Chute.*

MAKING TO-MORROW: *by Joan Woolcombe.*

"THE FLAT ROOFS OF MARRAKECH":  
*by James Francis Dwyer.*

TRAVELLERS' TALES: *by Hannen Swaffer.*  
No. 2.—"HIS ONLY 'FAN.'"

THE MUSIC HALL OF YESTERDAY:  
*by Philip Page.*

"CAPTAIN FLOOD": *by Richard Howells Watkins.*

HOW MANY FAMOUS PEOPLE ARE THERE  
IN THE WORLD?: *by Wilson McCarty.*

"THE MARRIAGE RACKET":  
*by L'Estrange Fawcett.*

OLD TALES RE-TOLD: THE LOVE STORY  
OF TITUS AND BERENICE, Written and Illustrated  
*by Fortunino Matania, R.I.*

THE SMALLER COUNTRY HOUSE:  
*by Winifred Lewis.*

BOOKS: Reviewed by *Arnold Palmer.*

THERE'S ROOM TO BUILD IT IN:  
*by Winifred Lewis.*

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL WITH A  
WOMAN": *by G. B. Lancaster.*

HEALTH: THE STREAM-LINE FORM:  
*by Peggy Winefred Yeomans.*

NURSERY FURNISHINGS: *by Florence M. Surfleet.*

THE MARCH OF TIME: *by Madge Garland.*

THE BUSYBODY'S NOTEBOOK.

A KNITTED JERSEY WITH CAP TO  
MATCH.

THE KEYNOTE OF OUR COIFFURES IN  
THIS YEAR OF GRACE, 1934.

ADVANCE SPRING FASHIONS: *by Madge Garland.*

A CHARMING LONDON HOUSE.

FOR THE LARDER AND THE STORE  
CUPBOARD: *by A. H. Adair.*

GLASS: *by Robin Knight.*

OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE FOR THE  
HOME DRESSMAKER.

SAVOURY RICE DISHES: *by A. H. Adair.*

THE MOTORING SECTION: Conducted by  
*The Earl of Carraig.*



*Paper pattern Service  
for  
the Home Dressmaker*